



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General

IF the general estimate of this year's Board of Control has been largely confirmed by their actions up to date, it is equally true that the public may have to revise its opinion of at least one of the Controllers, Ald. Richardson, who, in addition to Ald. Oliver, was the only Controller with sufficient backbone to take an intelligible position on the Firemen's Union. The resolution dealing with the Union and steering the proposition both north and south at the same time, was the work of Controller John F. Loudon. Consciously or unconsciously, it was a rich piece of humor. If Ald. Loudon's overmastering ambition were to be the boss fun-maker of the Board of Control and the champion "end man" of the Council, he could not have more fully established his reputation or have made a better record by any single stroke of rhetoric or sally of nonsense. Perhaps the citizens of Toronto have been astray all this while in their estimate of the portly youth from Ward Three. Behind that Jovian front, perchance, there lurks the sportive and obstreperous spirit of a Bill Nye, an Artemus Ward or a Mark Twain. Who shall say what fountains of sparkling, Simon-pure humor lie unsuspected and untapped beneath that generous girth of waistcoat, ready to bubble forth and riot through the Council or burst upon and overwhelm a too staid populace with floods of uncontrolled mirth? Oh, Mister Loudon, you are the man we've been looking for. The times were ripe for you and you gave no sign. Why have you deceived us this long while, with your ponderous figure and portly mien? A generation accursed with beefy, dull, prosaic placemen has been waiting to acclaim the gentle genius who could inject a pleasantry into the dull consideration of weighty things or frame the policy of a great city in the language of the cackling jester.

Controller Loudon's resolution "speaks for itself," however, and is worthy of preservation to the remotest times both for its literary form and statesmanlike grasp of the situation. Here it is as it came fresh from the shining intellect of its sprightly and inimitable author, and as approved by that precious assembly of wise men, the Board of Control, with Controller Richardson alone dissenting and Controller Oliver not present:

"That inasmuch as the organization of the fire department is a municipal matter, and that one of the chief features of municipal control is the payment of proper wages and fair dealing with employees, and that therefore there is not likely to arise the difficulties which frequently arise between a private employer and his employees; in connection with municipal management we must hold the head of the department responsible for the efficiency of the service, and in the case of the fire department for the discipline of the force. But we must also recognize that the men who join the fire brigade do not lose their right as citizens to become connected with organizations which have for their object the mutual improvement and general well-being of their members and in so far as the proposed organization is for the advancement of and general well-being of its members along lines which will not interfere with the efficiency and discipline of the force, the board is of opinion that the organization be approved of; but the board would decidedly disapprove of any organization if it would interfere with the freedom of the chief of the brigade to regulate and control the brigade in such a manner as may be necessary in the public interest."

Looked at from any point of view, this is an unprecedented piece of literature, an unquestioned stroke of genius. Hereafter the debates of the Lime Kiln Club on the proposition that the sun do move or the question whether the hen that lays the egg or the hen that hatches it is the mother of the chicken, must take second place to the deliberations of the Toronto Board of Control, which has solemnly affirmed that a thing can be at one and the same moment both black and white and several other colors, that two and two not only make four, but also five or eighteen, and that a circle is a square if you care to look at it that way.

Seriously, though, one gets an insight through the above resolution into the calibre and quality of this year's Board of Control, and it must be said that they appear to be small bore and mighty poor gun-metal. It is doubtful if any such resolution was ever before gravely entered on the municipal records as Controller Loudon's amorphous, disingenuous, meaningless and wholly absurd rigmarole. It deceived nobody. The evident intention was to dodge a dangerous issue. It affirmed with equal emphasis two contradictory and inconsistent propositions. Controller Richardson, who was supposed to be the most undesirable member of this year's board, was the only Controller who acquitted himself with credit. He flew his colors for all men to see. I think they were of the wrong stripe, but at all events he nailed them to the mast. His colleagues, on the other hand, the Mayor included, had the bad judgment and poor sense of duty to put up a silly and transparent equivocation, which made the board a laughing-stock and disgusted all who admire courage and hate the arts of the political poltroon.

NO Council in recent years has done a wiser or more creditable thing than the new City Council did on Monday in squelching the proposed Firemen's Union—an organization entirely unnecessary in the interests of the men themselves and inimical to property throughout the city. Any other decision would have been destructive to discipline in the fire brigade—would, in fact, have been an expression of want of confidence in the chief. The brigade has been cloven into opposing factions over this question. Two-thirds of the men joined an organization in defiance of the wish and policy of their commanding officer. That fifty-seven firemen were opposed to the formation of a union and voluntarily expressed their disapproval of its recognition over their signatures is the best evidence that had Mayor Urquhart and Ald. Bell had their way in this matter the esprit de corps of the force would have been hopelessly impaired. It is hard to account for Mayor Urquhart's course except on the supposition that, having been elected largely by the labor vote, he is making the fatal mistake of regarding himself as an attorney of the so-called labor interests instead of the custodian of interests as wide as the whole city and embracing all classes. The Mayor's general intentions seem to be good. He started out well and gave promise of being in many respects an ideal executive. I would not like to think that by his course on the Firemen's Union question he has betrayed the first yellow streak of the demagogue, but he has done more to forfeit the confidence which all classes of ratepayers were ready to repose in him than by any other action in his career. It is to be hoped he will make no more mistakes of the same gravity. If he persists in regarding himself as a class representative, not as the trustee of the whole people, and permits himself to be swayed by the prospect of reelection, Nemesis will camp on his trail and secure his political scalp, as surely and as ignominiously as in the case of other men who, with a great opportunity thrust suddenly into their hands, have tried to be smart and have found too late that they had only succeeded in being small.

The resolution finally adopted by the City Council by a vote of 13 to 10 is the recommendation of the Fire and

Light Committee, with a strong rider attached assuring Chief Thompson of the full support of Council in restoring harmony and maintaining discipline in his force. The resolution gives the chief sole and unconditional discretion as to the formation of the proposed union. As Chief Thompson has already expressed his opposition to the movement in unmistakable terms, no union, it is safe betting, will be recognized while he remains at the head of the brigade. Thus a troublesome agitation is put down and property protected against the danger of divisions which might have impaired the efficiency of the brigade or have paralyzed it utterly in the presence of a great emergency.

There is no occasion for unionism amongst public servants. The public as a rule is surely willing to liberally remunerate those who do its work, and to see that they labor under agreeable conditions. If the principle of unionism were admitted in the case of the fire brigade, it would spread to the police force and to the City Hall. Possibly we should then have a Government Employees' Union, a Legislators' Union, a Cabinet Ministers' Union, and eventually, no doubt, an Office Seekers' Union.

IF it be true that Ald. Bell, chairman of the Fire and Light Committee, has been making a tour of the fire halls, inquiring into the origin of the anti-union petition presented to the City Council on Monday, it is in order to ask where the alderman gets his authority for any such proceeding. Who has conferred on him the powers of an inquisitor? The fifty-seven firemen who declared against the proposed union had a perfect right to do so if they wished. Ald. Bell, on the other hand, has no right to institute an inquiry which amounts to a threat against these men. This is another case of that constant and disastrous meddling of aldermanic busybodies in the actual working of civic departments. Ald. Bell's committee should instruct him to go away back and sit down.

IN connection with the request of a farmers' deputation for rural free delivery of mails, the latest official report as to the workings of the system in the United States is interesting. A summary is given in "Leslie's Weekly,"

solemn, secret investigation into the unending "scrap" between Inspectors Hughes and Chapman. The origin and nature of the difference, the evidence as to its existence, the terms of the settlement arrived at, have all been kept as quiet as though nobody in Toronto was entitled to take an interest in Public school affairs except the members of the Board and the two belligerent inspectors. I cannot but feel that the whole thing has been done in the wrong way. If the quarrel between Messrs. Hughes and Chapman was of enough importance to warrant an investigation, that investigation should have been held publicly, and the findings should have been open to discussion. As the matter stands nobody knows what secret and possibly improper deal has been made. It looks, however, as if Inspector Chapman has been coldly bludgeoned, in order that the all-powerful Hughes superstition may continue to sway both teachers and trustees. Star chamber methods in matters of this kind are not desirable. Let the people who pay for the schools know all about their management.

ONE of the peculiar developments of present-day politics in this country is the amount of vigilance which the people are forced to constantly exercise with regard to the dealings of their representatives with corporations and concession hunters. This is a matter in which Canada is unfortunately conforming to the "American" rather than the British type of government. What is the function of the chosen representatives of the people in Parliament and the Legislatures, if not to look after popular interests in every bargain that is struck? What are Cabinets and Ministers for if not to administer the heritage of the whole people for the advantage of the whole people, and to exact the best terms obtainable from everyone seeking to avail themselves of any special privilege? Members of Parliament, Cabinet Ministers, all the officers of State, are trustees for the people. The idea that Cabinets and Parliaments exist for the purpose of governing, in the sense of merely enacting laws, is obsolete and fails to meet the new demands of the age. That is only a small part of their true function. The greater and more important part is the administration of the public domain—a term including not merely the land

ing with future conditions. To quote another phrase of Dr. Nesbitt's, Niagara Falls ought to become "the electrical heart of the nation," pumping energy to every town and village within a vast area for manufacturing and municipal use. But this can not be brought about if the development and transmission of electricity is to be left entirely in the hands of private corporations, which, notwithstanding rapid improvements in machinery and the constant cheapening of the current, will be free to charge for every horse-power on the basis of capitalization rather than on the basis of cost of production. The whole tendency of electrical science is to cheapen the cost of long distance transmission. The changes of the last ten years in this respect have been absolutely revolutionary. Facts almost innumerable can be adduced, and have been adduced, by Dr. Nesbitt, showing the strides in practical long distance transmission in other countries. Unfortunately both voters and legislators as a rule are ignorant upon such matters, while the corporations are able to avail themselves of information of which the general public is not possessed. What is needed is some public man who will make himself an expert on this question and give to the public the advantage of knowledge ordinarily possessed by, and used in behalf of, those who desire to monopolize what the public has not yet learned to value.

IT is gratifying to record that "Saturday Night's" recent article calling attention to the degrading and immoral character of certain theatrical entertainments in Toronto has evoked expressions of the heartiest support and approval from many sources. But more gratifying is the prospect of something practical being done to bring about a radical reform. It is understood that a committee of ministers have the matter in hand and are bringing strong pressure to bear on the authorities responsible. Still more immediate and evident has been the effect on the press of this paper's exposure of the facts. It is worth noting that the advertisement of the theater complained of has disappeared from the columns of the daily papers, with, I think, two exceptions, and on Tuesday only two papers, the "World" and the "Telegram," gave space to a notice of this house among their dramatic criticisms. In each case it was considered necessary to assure their readers in very positive terms that the show was clean. The "World's" notice said: "There is nothing objectionable to the show, and in this it is an improvement on some others that have been before." The "Telegram" announced: "It is a clean entertainment throughout." That such assurances are considered necessary is the best evidence that "Saturday Night's" characterization of previous performances was well founded. Montreal, it may be noted, has had a similar evil to grapple with, and on Friday night last the police of that city arrested three actors and an actress, accused of giving immoral representations during a performance at a low theatrical joint. Perhaps it would be a good thing to import some Montreal policemen into Toronto. Meanwhile "Saturday Night," with some excusable pride, is receiving congratulatory messages innumerable on having struck out boldly and forced an issue on those whose duty it is to act.

"IS the United States a Christian nation?" is a question to be seriously discussed in view of Dr. H. K. Carroll's statistics of churches and church membership, recently published in the "Christian Advocate," a New York religious publication of high standing. The totals show an increase in the number of communicants, but not at all in proportion to the increase of population. Considering that the inhabitants of the Republic number upward of seventy-six millions, it does not seem that the grand total of 28,680,028 communicants in all churches is anything to be proud of in a country that calls itself Christian. From Dr. Carroll's statistics it appears that almost two-thirds of the population of the United States is unchurched, and it is certain that the active strength of any church is not nearly equal to the strength of that church as reported for statistical purposes. Of course it is to be considered that there is a great deal of genuine Christianity outside the churches as well as within them; in other words the religious state of a nation cannot be truly measured in statistics. But making allowances for all this, it is surprising and perhaps disquieting to find that organized Christianity in the United States can marshal only a third of the population in its ranks.

Quite apart from this Dr. Carroll's statistics are full of interest and significance. The net gains of all denominations, according to Dr. Carroll, were 720 ministers, 1,261 churches and 403,743 communicants. The increase of communicants in 1901 was 924,675, which is more than twice the increase in 1902, but Dr. Carroll says that the falling off is attributable not to any loss by the churches, but to the abnormal increase credited to the Roman Catholic Church in 1901. Dr. Carroll allows the Roman Catholic Church a total strength of 9,531,303. (The claim of the "Catholic Directory" is 11,289,710.) In any event the Roman Catholics are far and away the most numerous. Second to them come the Methodist Episcopalians, who have just crossed the 3,000,000 mark. The seventeen bodies of Methodists number 6,084,755, an increase of 98,000 during the year. Of Baptists the thirteen bodies have 4,620,487 communicants, of Lutherans the twenty-two bodies have 1,745,588, of Presbyterians the twelve bodies have 1,635,016, and the Disciples of Christ 1,207,377. The two bodies of the Protestant Episcopal Church are credited with 767,334, the Salvation Army with 22,534, and the Christian Scientists with 51,608. The Latter Day Saints (two bodies) have 340,500. The Congregationalists have 653,324, and the Jews (two bodies) 143,000.

AFTER the Boxer troubles of a couple of years ago, in China, predictions were freely indulged in by missionaries and those interested in the missionary movement, that the way was going to open up immediately for a miraculous evangelization of the Celestials. The Boxer rebellion, with its attendant horrors, was described as a providential dispensation, to result in the dawn of truth upon benighted souls and the overthrow of age-long prejudice. It must be confessed that up to the present these results, desirable as they may be, do not seem to have accrued to any marked extent. Anti-foreign prejudice is said to be stronger in China now than ever before. News from that miserable country has been uniformly bad for some time past, and though little attention has been given in the press of America and Europe to the growing disorders, the gravity of the situation is now admitted. Missionary boards that have persistently professed the most optimistic feeling, denying the meagre cable despatches as misleading, are now forced to acknowledge, on the strength of advices from their own people, that all China is again bordering on a state of anarchy. Letters from Canadian missionaries confirm this view. All over the country serious uprisings are reported. There has been fighting and rioting in a dozen provinces. The insurgents are concentrating in formidable numbers at different points. To a great extent the movement is said to be due to anti-foreign feeling, aggravated by memory of atrocities perpetrated by European invaders, by resentment against foreign dictation, and by the renewed and often tactless activity of missionaries. Of course the weakness of the central Government and the desperate economic condition of millions of the people have also much to do with fomenting the trouble. The question of silver against gold for the payment of China's indemi-



"Happy" Ward, Harry Vokes, Lucy Daly and Margaret Daly Vokes, in "The Head Waiters," at the Grand Opera House next week.

from which it appears that the experimental stage has been passed, so that it is now promised that within three years all parts of the Republic will have the benefits of such a service. The system will then, it is said, employ 40,000 carriers and make necessary an annual appropriation of \$24,000,000. But, according to the journal quoted, the fears of those who have pictured a large and increasing burden upon the national treasury by the extension of rural delivery are not borne out by the Government report. The observations made by the department of the working of the system in Carroll County, Md., where a complete and model system is in operation, show that rural delivery causes a healthy and steady increase in the gross receipts of the post-offices in the locality in which the delivery is general, and is also responsible for a portion of the increased revenues of the larger offices accruing from the stimulated use of the mails by merchants and others who are enabled to reach patrons of rural delivery throughout the country. That the system will in the course of a few years so increase the postal revenues of the United States as to cover all the added expense, "Leslie's Weekly" entertains no doubt. It is to be remembered, however, that the average Canadian rural section is more sparsely settled than corresponding portions of the United States, and therefore the cost of maintaining such a system in this country would probably be much heavier in proportion.

JUDGED by his inaugural address, the new principal of Queen's University, Rev. Dr. Gordon, is an able and high-minded man, who will earnestly grapple with the great problems which the death of the lamented Principal Grant left unsolved for Queen's. Dr. Gordon may not have the genius for politics nor the passion for controversy of his predecessor. Perhaps it will be as well for Queen's in the long run if her new head is content to deal with purely educational issues. By the way, I notice that Sir Sanford Fleming, Chancellor of Queen's, in his speech at the induction of Principal Gordon insisted that the recently adopted policy of making the university non-denominational should be pursued. So long, however, as none but a Presbyterian minister can succeed to the principalship, the claim of Queen's to rank with the provincial university in freedom from sectarian taint is mere rubbish.

WITHIN the past year the Public school affairs of Toronto have been conducted pretty much along opera bouffe lines. Inspector James L. Hughes, after his famous resignation, was permitted to play pussy waltz a corner with the Board, till the latter became a general laughing-stock. The latest demonstration of statesmanship in Public school matters was the holding of a

and its wealth, but all natural powers and potentialities—in the interests of the many instead of the few. This is not State Socialism, nor single tax, nor any other fad. It is a proposition broad enough to admit of private enterprise or an unlimited scale, but always on fair terms. It means only that in alienating any special privilege or franchise, the representatives of the people—their sworn trustees and agents—are bound to show as great thrift and discretion as would the administrators of a private estate, securing a substantial consideration in return for every conveyance, and giving a just and true accounting to their employers. Instead of this, we find the people's representatives too often acting as if they were not the sworn and salaried guardians of public property. Too often their attitude as between the demands of the few and the rights of the many is one of thinly disguised hostility to the latter. Their offices and their ears are open to grafters and grabbers, while the representatives of municipalities and spokesmen of "the great unorganized" have difficulty in securing a hearing. In a question as between a concession-hunting corporation and the people, the onus of proof is constantly and unfairly placed on the people. The press and the municipalities and the lone, helpless voter should not be compelled to scrutinize every piece of legislation, lest lurking under its verbiage there be some alienation of the national birthright, curtailment of popular rights, or extension of special privilege. There are Ministers and legislators who are paid to do all the scrutinizing that should be necessary. Much is heard of vested interests, but what of the vested interests of the people? The onus of proof, when something unusual is asked for, should always rest on those asking. We have traveled a long way from this simple and wholesome proposition, and it is time that we got back to it with all speed.

"THE people must be at the switchboard" is a phrase coined by Dr. Beattie Nesbitt, M.P.P., with regard to the electrical power question, and it is a good phrase. The transmission of eight thousand horse-power from Shawinigan Falls to Montreal, a distance of eighty-five miles, with a promise that the amount will shortly be increased to thirty thousand horse-power, shows that manufacturing in Canada is soon to enter upon a new era; the days of the steam engine and the smoke-stack are coming to an end. Toronto and the whole western section of Ontario, with one of the mightiest water-powers in the world to draw upon, ought to be in a position of unparalleled advantage to benefit from every advance in electrical science. And electrical science is advancing—so rapidly, particularly in the matter of power transmission, that it is nothing short of criminal folly to tie up the industrial future of this province with restrictions that may be altogether out of keep-

ties to the powers adds to the evils which are hanging over the Pekin court. China asserts that she promised to pay in silver. The powers demand payment in gold. China points out that silver has greatly depreciated since the protocol was signed, so that, if she accedes to the claim of the powers, she must pay a fifth more than she bargained for. The powers are obdurate. China has been badly used by nearly every so-called Christian nation, and her case is a standing demonstration of "man's inhumanity to man" on a national scale. As someone has put it, a heathen's feelings do not count for much; he has no business to be a heathen.

WHEN Toronto had her street railway troubles last spring, a portion of the press of Montreal threw rocks at this city because the militia was called out to prevent mob violence, and thus the good name of Canada compromised. Montreal's turn came last week to have a street-car strike on her hands, and though there was no military interference, the strike, while it lasted, was marked with quite as much violence and destruction of property as in Toronto's case. The Montreal tie-up, like our own, lasted a little over two days. It was a sharp fight, if not a merry one, and the men won everything they contended for. They are now in probably a better position than the Toronto employees. This, however, should furnish no reason for another strike in Toronto. There is a decidedly restless feeling among the employees of the Toronto Railway Company, but the people are in no mood to suffer the inconveniences of another tie-up.

IT looks like war in the Balkans, but then it always looks like war in the Balkans when there is no other international war-scene on which the European correspondents of the Yankee press can spread themselves. Neither Turkey, nor Austria-Hungary, nor Russia, it may safely be assumed, is exactly craving for trouble in that direction. The finances of none of them are quite in shape to stand the racket. Strong pressure will therefore undoubtedly be brought to bear from more than one quarter to render the Macedonian revolutionary movement abortive. There will be no war if the resources of diplomacy and all the modern machinery of international comity can prevent it. The Balkan situation has often looked as bad as it now looks without leading to anything more serious than a newspaper sensation.

Social and Personal.

LADY KIRKPATRICK of Closeburn will receive for the first time since her residence in Government House on next Wednesday afternoon. The historic "Wednesdays" which used to be so charming a feature in mid-week social life, will no doubt renew their attraction independent of any official prestige. Recent delightful hospitalities have reminded her friends that seclusion has neither robbed Lady Kirkpatrick of her interest in social life nor dimmed her bright and winning power of making it a pleasure to all whom she entertains.

The very smart dance given by Mr. and Mrs. John Foy for their daughter, Miss Gertrude Foy, one of the ante-Noe debutantes, was a great success, and McConkey's was at its brightest for the event. Mrs. and Miss Foy, the mother in a rich and sparkling black ball gown, the daughter in dainty rose pink chiffon (embroidered and quaintly stylish in design, with floating sleeves), received in the flower-garlanded ballroom, which was soon filled with young folks flitting about in early extra dances, or filling programmes for the later engagements. The young married set were also invited to this delightful dance, and enjoyed it to the end. Mrs. J. J. Foy and her pretty daughters three, the "not out" already rivaling her elder sisters, and the beautiful dark-eyed bride, Mrs. Jim Foy, looking her best in a soft cream white gown appliqued in lace, were an attractive family party. Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Bolte, the latter in a smart white gown, with corselet of lace applique; Mr. and Mrs. Pilon, the lady in heliotrope with rich white lace; Mr. and Mrs. Crawford, the latter in a white gown with tulle rosettes and lace; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Duggan, the latter in a smart black and white gown; Mrs. Skinner, who has just come from the West Coast, in a pretty striped silk brocade, with a rosette of blue and pink in her pompadour



Miss Gertrude Foy.

coiffure, her sister, Miss Gillies, and a younger and very lovely sister under her chaperonage; Mrs. Charles Murray in a handsome dark gown, and her pretty niece, the bride of last year, Mrs. Parkyn Murray, who looked charming in white silk; Mrs. Grayson Smith, Mrs. Gus Burritt and Mrs. Lorne Somerville, three handsome young matrons; Mrs. Ewart Osborne, very daintily and prettily gowned, were to be seen having a very jolly time. As for the pretty girls, they were everywhere, and some of them had plenty of fun teasing the very latest confessed engaged man, who bore their railery with a serenity consequent upon complete happiness. A charming little girlish visitor at the home of Mrs. James Foy, Miss Coppinger of Alton, Ill., in a pretty pink frock, received much attention. Some of the debutantes who enjoyed their friends' dance were Miss Gladys Hardy, in a smart white dress; Miss Frances Heron, Miss Mary Mason, Miss Etta Taylor, Miss Evelyn Ridout, Miss Bessie Monahan in pale blue silk, and Miss Clarkson Jones, who is a lovely brunette; Miss Mary Davidson was as pretty as a picture in a dainty gown; Miss Lou Davies wore one of the handsomest gowns, a white sheath dress of richest antique lace over chiffon and satin, her slight, graceful figure just suiting her gown. Miss Benson of Port Hope, a popular visitor, also looked very handsome at the dance. Miss Miller and her sister were the recipients of much attention. Miss O'Callaghan of Kingston, in black lace over white silk, was also a guest. Miss Winnie Darling and Miss Mary Elwood, Miss Gladys Buchanan, Miss Gladys Nordheimer, Miss Beatrice Myles in a delightfully artistic dress of pale crepe with strands of tinted rose foliage; Miss Elmsley, Miss Brouse, Miss Kingsmill, were a few of the charming girls I noticed. There were plenty of men, more than enough to keep the belles supplied with extra extra partners. When the dance was at its prettiest Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, in a plain black evening gown of satin and angel sleeves of transparent material banded with black velvet, came in to enjoy with the young folks this charming festivity. At supper a jolly party were seated at a brilliant round table, Mr. Foy taking in Lady Kirkpatrick. The



THE BEAUTIFUL MRS. CAMPBELL
As Beata in "The Joy of Living."
(Photo by Sarony, New York.)

whole cafe was not large enough to receive the party, and many of the younger set waited for a second service. Everything was most elegantly served, the music was voted extra good, and the dance will long be remembered as one of the pleasantest of the season.

On Wednesday Mrs. W. H. B. Aikins was the hostess of a delightful little luncheon of eight covers. The hostess wore a pretty white and black foulard gown, with black lace applications and touches of turquoise velvet. The guests included Mrs. Harry Wyatt, Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Meek, Mrs. Garrett, Mrs. Sterling Ryerson, Mrs. Graham and Mrs. Denison. The "mahogany" was set with white Irish lace doilies, centered by a huge bowl of pale pink and white tulips, boutonnières of violets were at each cover, and the exquisite painted china of the luncheon service was the work of the artistic and clever hostess.

Mrs. Frank Benjamin gave a very elegant tea on Wednesday, at which, in spite of the perfectly shocking weather, a good many ladies were in attendance. The hostess, who looked very sweet and pretty, received in the drawing-room in a white and black gown, with some lovely jewels, and Mrs. Benjamin, with her pretty young daughter, Esther, and a couple of girl friends presided in the dining-room. The tea-table was lovely with wreaths of smilax, exquisite flowers, many lights and the splendid silver which Mrs. Benjamin's friends always admire. An orchestra played on the landing and the guests enjoyed the tea as one always does on a shocking wet day. Mrs. Frank Benjamin is going to London this spring with her husband and bright little son, and will take Miss Esther, her niece, with her. I presume for educative advantages. At the tea a much commiserated guest was Mrs. Sigmund Samuel, whose arm is still in a sling from an unfortunate fracture last month.

Two engagements which I have been waiting for some weeks to announce have been made public since our last issue, and there are a couple more which, as I mentioned recently, I hope soon to add to the happy tale of Cupid's captives.

The engagement of Mr. Willmott Matthews, eldest son of Mr. W. D. Matthews, and Miss Amo Osler, second daughter of Mr. E. B. Osler of Craighigh, has been announced.

The engagement of Major James Cooper Mason, D.S.O., R.G., and Miss Florence McArthur, daughter of Mrs. A. McArthur, was announced last week. Many congratulations are offered to both young folks, who have so many friends in Toronto.

Mrs. Galbraith gave a tea at her home in St. Mary's street on Wednesday.

Miss Mary Davidson's tea for her girl friends and some of the brides, on Wednesday, was the salvation of a dull afternoon to many of the bright young set, who found in the cheerful and hospitable home speedy oblivion of rain, fog and mud outside. Miss Homer Dixon, Miss Errol Nordheimer, Miss Florence Cawthra, Miss Edith Kay, and the welcome visitor and cousin from Scotland, Miss Edith Leslie, were in the tea-room. Mrs. Davidson seconded her sweet little daughter's welcome to the girls in her own heartsome and sincere way. The tea-table was very prettily done in pink and green, and set with the usual good things.

It was a great shock to friends to hear of the sudden death on Tuesday of Mrs. H. W. Fitton (nee Denny), at her home in Prince Arthur avenue. Mrs. Fitton lived by preference a quiet life, loved and admired by a circle of intimate friends, and was a rarely fine character, the jewel of a happy and charming home. Great sympathy is sent from all sides to the bereaved family.

A good executive and careful management were two of the causes of the success of Trinity conversation on Tuesday evening. It was quite a gala night, with any amount of pretty girls and nice gowns to add the highest touch of smartness. The whole college was open to the guests, the lecture-rooms in the west wing were used as dressing-rooms, and supper was served in the refectory, commons, or whatever the dining-room is academically designated. I don't know what the supper was like, for it was a work of Hercules to get into the supper-room when the usual intermission of dances was on. There were so many, so very many, who seemed to be struck with the same impulse simultaneously! The Provost's supper was all right, though, as dainty and tasty as it always is, and deft waiters kept things ready for ever so large a raid of men and girls who beleaguered the pretty library from time to time. Mrs. Charles Fleming was the Provost's right hand, and a very good and glad right hand, welcoming the guests and seeing they were well attended. Dr. and Mrs. Clark also kept open house in the Professor's library, where the usual bounteous table was set and where many friends foregathered, all being begged to help themselves and feel quite at home, which indeed they all did. Dr. Clark has been lecturing in Montreal, and mildly lionized beside, which rather did him up with fatigue, so he made an early move to "Bedfordshire," leaving Mrs. Clark to meet the late comers. The usual tete-a-tete corners in the corridors held the inevitable tete-a-tetes. The sitting-out rooms were cosy and homelike on either side of the grand entrance, which was closed for the better comfort of those who danced or promenaded in the entrance hall, guests going round to the west door on arrival. The Convocation Hall was done in the college "rouge et noir" and the orchestra again occupied the main doorway, the dancers going in and out by the little side stairways. It's a wonder former committees did

not solve the problem of over-crowding at the door long ago, but I believe the credit belongs to last year's men, who were as bright a committee as this year's, which means a lot. Mrs. Rigby received, assisted later on by Mrs. Elmes Henderson, whose arrival, I am told, was delayed by the annoying fact of a young debutante whom she was to take to the dance having been driven to Davenport road instead of Dovercourt road to meet her chaperone. Those who know our city of magnificent distances will appreciate the remoteness of the connection. However, Mrs. Henderson was on hand in due time, and looked very dignified and gracious in a black satin gown, with some fine Venetian point lace. A pretty little lady at the dance was Miss Essie Doherty of Plumstead, England, who came with her cousin, Miss Wornum, the latter being unusually becomingly gowned and looking lovely. Some of the other guests were Mrs. and Miss Baines, Mrs. and the Misses Arnoldi, Miss Mary Davidson, Miss Mary Elwood, Miss Winnie Darling, Miss Frances Heron, Miss Ida Homer Dixon, Miss Marjorie Cochrane, Miss Theodora Kirkpatrick, Miss Marjorie Mowat, Miss Biggar, Miss Maisie Tyrrell, a very handsome debutante; Miss Stitt, who looked very bright and pretty in a charming dress; Miss Gretchen Gilbert, looking very handsome; the Misses Denison of Rusholme; Mr. and Mrs. D'Espard and Miss Janet Fuller; Miss Alice Cooke, Miss Evans, by some pronounced the belle; Miss Taylor, Miss Vera Morgan, and Messrs. Cattanaich, Baldwin, Biggar, Monck, Strathy, P. Henderson, F. Henderson, Taylor, Evans, Lewis, Cronyn, Bunting, F. Stitt, S. Tibbs, Walter Denison, Pennelather, and many others.

"The Arts" dance in the Gym. last week was the outcome of Varsity's determination not to include dancing in the programme for the annual conversat. This year. Thereupon the "Arts" made preparations to entertain their dancing friends to their own taste. The dance was "academic" really, most of the men being Varsity students, and many of the girls also being in the midst of the "course." The wives of the president and faculty chaperoned the function and were evidently proud of the fine showing the "Arts" made, of the success of the dance from every point of view. The decorations followed the usual fashion of breaking the dark expanse of open roof arch by many fluttering strings of flags, and softening the gallery facade with festoons of bunting. It isn't pretty nor artistic, but has a sort of "gala" touch which is inspiring in a way. Supper was "on" before eleven for the patronesses and chaperones. The supper-room was very nicely arranged, a long table near the west wall being reserved for invited guests, and very profusely and handsomely decorated. "The Arts" were particularly attentive to the "fourth estate," and their care and kindness was very much appreciated. Quite a delightful young man took me in to supper, and though I'm not sure of his name, I thought him a fine specimen of what one would wish our Varsity men to be. The dancers kept it up with extreme energy till the last on the programme was over, and the "Arts" are pledged by their success on the first venture to make the dance an annual affair, the third of that bright trio which will be known among the naughty set as the Kickers, the Diggers and the Dancers. The last, I presume, not from any Terpsichorean excellence, but because of the "raison d'être" of the affair.

The engagement of Miss Agnes Scott and Mr. William P. Davis is announced in Ottawa. Miss Scott is a niece of Hon. R. W. Scott and a person of rarely bright mentality and savoir faire.

Mrs. James Foy, jr. (nee Croil), will hold her post-nuptial receptions at her home, 50 Elgin avenue, on next Thursday and Friday afternoons. I hear that young Mrs. Foy's home is a perfect picture of comfort and taste, and can easily credit it.

Miss Mildred Montzambert was the guest of honor at a tea on Thursday, given by Miss McMicking.

Colonel and Mrs. Pellatt are going south next week, to remain until spring.

Mrs. Gibson has left Pine Hill road and taken apartments at Peregrine Hall, Maitland street.

Mrs. and Miss Carveth have returned from Ithaca.

Mrs. Charles Johnstone of 132 St. George street has been enjoying a visit from Mrs. Van Kleec, and has given some pretty hospitalities in her honor.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Kirkpatrick are en pension at Iverholm, St. George street, for the present.

Mrs. Kirk of Detroit is the guest of Mrs. Stout. Miss Stout has returned from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra gave a delightful dinner on the birthday of their daughter, Mrs. Burnham, last week. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Cockburn, Major and Mrs. Carpenter, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Miss Cecil Nordheimer, Miss Gertrude Brock, Miss Mary Davidson, Mr. Lorne Becher, Mr. Delmar Cavendish, Mr. Jack Cawthra, Mr. Greig.

Pleasant little dinners were given last Saturday by Dr. and Mrs. Riordan, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Trevor Smith and Dr. and Mrs. Davis.

Dr. McDonagh of 140 Carlton street has gone for several weeks to Jamaica.

Mrs. Herbert Walker is giving a tea on the afternoon of February 21, at her home in Beverley street.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Gray will receive on Monday at 89 Bloor street east. Mr. Roy Wood has gone to Montreal to visit his brother, Mr. Tom Wood.



Johnny Loudon threw the banana peel and the Mayor slipped on it.



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Social and Personal.

THE engagement is announced of Miss Laura Russell of Lindsay to the Rev. R. J. M. Perkins, M.A., rector of the Trivitt Memorial Church, Exeter.

Mrs. James Perry Watson will receive on the first and third Thursdays at her residence, 131 Jameson avenue, Parkdale.

An exceedingly pretty tea was given by Mrs. Albert Kleiser on Tuesday at her home, 504 Ontario street, where a very large company of ladies assembled during the later hours of the afternoon. Mrs. Kleiser received in a handsome gown of Wedgwood blue, with very elegant heavy white lace guimpe and draperies. Her sisters, Mrs. Millar, in black with white guimpe, and Mrs. Coxwell, in black, received with her. The drawing-room is a large apartment, and was crowded from five o'clock until nearly the limit of time mentioned on invitations. Plenty of flowers were artistically placed about, and an orchestra played on the upper landing. Quite the most novel and graceful decoration of the month was a feature of the tea-table. A branched center vase of crystal and silver was filled with tall white snap-dragon sprays, and huge, odoriferous stems of mignonette, the whole forming a light, graceful and delicate center for a cloud of white tulle, and lighted by candles shaded in silver and green. The color scheme was completed by the icing of the cakes and the buns. A bright party of young girls waited on the table, among them Miss Millar, Miss Etta Taylor, Miss Skinner, Miss Goldman and Miss Lou Davies. Mrs. Crelock, Mrs. Millar, Jr., Miss Fenwick and Miss Millar also assisted the hostess in the drawing-room. A few of the guests were Mrs. Boddy and her mother, Mrs. Lyons, Mrs. Granville Elliott, Mrs. T. B. Taylor, Mrs. R. S. Neville, Mrs. Francis Richardson, Mrs. George Shaw, Mrs. and Miss Eastwood, Mrs. and Miss Wheeler, Mrs. Tom Davies, Mrs. and Misses Davies, Mrs. Darby and the Misses Darby, Mrs. Stanbury Finch, Mrs. Lewis Howard, Mrs. Bradley.

This week has been a great one for the Princess, where Mrs. Patrick Campbell has been playing her new and most convincing role of Beata in "Es Lebe das Leben," which is called "The Joy of Living."—or, as a clubman murmured in translation more justifiable, "The Flavor of Life." Every evening the beau monde has sat and watched the strenuous life as lived by Beata, Paula and Magda, and has scoffed or bowed the head as nature and development prompted. I heard a woman say, "There's very little fun in Beata," and her tone was of discontent. Another assented, with a sombre smile, "Very little, indeed," and her mechanical tone suggested that she had found other things than fun in Beata. It seems most amazing that "Es Lebe das Leben" should have ever been suspected of being an immoral play. Beata dominates it, with love, self-control, renunciation in the air she breathes, and a sublime unconcern for her one unconventionalality that reminds me of one who said, "I've done mean things, unkind things, dishonest things in my life, and I regret and repent of them sincerely, but of the wrong things I have done I shall never wish to repent. They are the grand things in my life!" All the same, Beata's husband had the sympathy of nine-tenths of the audience, as a courtly, unsuspicious, honorable and warm-hearted gentleman, "not clever, like the rest of you," but far too good for betrayal.

The lady principals of Westbourne School are giving a soiree d'ensemble next Thursday evening at their fine seminary in Bloor street west. I wonder does it ever occur to the elders how wise and kind are the directors of our schools today in giving budding womanhood the advantage of acquiring ease and poise for future social duties by these jolly and delightful evenings? Some of our school girls have already formed a manner of much grace and sweetness, which, unconsciously or otherwise, they often owe to the living example before them in their principal.

Mrs. Grayson Smith is giving an informal tea next Wednesday at her pretty little home on the West Side.

Mrs. Vaux Chadwick's cards are out for an afternoon tea on next Thursday, from 4.30 to 7.

The musicale at Trinity College, which is an annual opening event of the Lenten lecture course, takes place this afternoon at half-past three. A "college tea" will follow the concert, and will no doubt be a very enjoyable finale.

Two Valentine Day teas are on this afternoon. Mrs. J. W. F. Ross of Wellesley street and Mrs. W. H. B. Aikins of College street are the hostesses. There are three other small teas also on the tapis for this afternoon, and, weather permitting, a couple of winter events in skating and driving.

Mrs. Richard Fuller gave a pleasant tea yesterday afternoon at her home in College street.

At the Princess on Tuesday evening were Senator and Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Miss Melvin-Jones, Major and Mrs. Victor Williams, Mrs. Clifford Sutton, Mrs. Cattanaach, Mr. and Miss Gladys Nordheimer, Mr. and Miss Marion Laidlaw, Mr. and Mrs. Gerhard Heintzman, Mr. Colin Harbottle, Mr. and Mrs. Ewart Os-

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borne, Mr. and Mrs. Auguste Bolte, Mr. and Mrs. Lally McCarthy, Miss Mollie Waldie, Mr. Leigh McCarthy.

The dance given by the High Park Golf Club came off with a good deal of eclat on the evening of February 5, and, as usual, was much enjoyed by a large and jolly party. The Masonic Hall takes a lot of decorating and doing up to make it a cosy and attractive place for such a festivity, but there is never any lack of artistic and sporty workers to ensure a complete and significant style of decoration, and the spirit of the noble game is evident in the nomenclature of the rendezvous and the decorative emblems used to brighten up the place. I regret that a press of engagements prevented my attendance at the dance this year, but from all sides I have assurance that the event was most successful.

Mr. George Carruthers spent a few days in town this week, en route to the North-West. He has fairly caught the spirit of that magnificent country, and is comfortably settled with his beautiful young wife and little son and daughter at Fort Rouge, Winnipeg, his new residence being next that historic home built by the late Arthur W. Ross, and now owned and occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Sutherland.

Mrs. Thomas Alison and Miss Florrie L. Alison are guests at the Welland Hotel, St. Catharines, for a fortnight.

Mr. Fraser, secretary O. J. C., went down to New York on Monday with some of his well-bred dogs for exhibition at the Dog Show. The famous Matchmaker was among the canines.

Mr. Parkyn Murray left on Saturday for a trip to Bermuda, and will spend some weeks there. Mrs. Murray is visiting her mother-in-law in Rosedale during his absence.

Quite a number of people have been laid up this month with gripe. Mrs. Heaven is one of the hostesses who has suffered from severe cold, but is now quite better.

Mr. and Mrs. William Laidlaw and Miss Laidlaw have left for the South of Europe, intending to spend some time in Spain. They will return early in the summer.

The Paardeberg dinner given by his Excellency the Governor-General at Rideau on the anniversary of the surrender of Cronje to the Canadians is on for the 27th, and invitations have been some time since received by some of the Toronto officers who were conspicuous in this and other gallant encounters with the wily Boers.

Mrs. Williams of Oshawa paid a visit to Mrs. Warwick of Sunningdale this week, and, with her hostess, enjoyed Mrs. Pat Campbell's splendid acting.

Miss Warwick of Sunningdale and Miss Massey of Rosedale have been enjoying a glorious five weeks in New York, where they have been Mrs. Massey's house party celebrating the debut of Miss Kati Massey, who was so much admired here as a "summer guest" at Sunningdale. A ball, many dances and dinners, and all sorts of lovely doings, have been the events which the pretty Canadians have enjoyed. Miss Warwick did not get home last week, as she intended, but was expected on Thursday. I hear no word of Miss Massey's return, and fancy Gotham has many charms for her.

"The Bachelors" who are giving the dance at McConkey's next Friday are Mr. Eric Armour, Mr. Lorne Becher, Mr. Oscar Bickford, Mr. S. T. Blackwood, Mr. E. Bowen, Mr. Harold Brooke, Mr. R. C. H. Cassels, Mr. E. C. Cattanaach, Captain J. H. Elmsley, Mr. Sherwood Elmsley, Mr. G. T. Francis, Mr. Colin Harbottle, Mr. R. B. Henderson, Mr. Murray Hendrie, Mr. George Heward, Captain J. H. Kaye, Mr. H. C. Kingstone, Mr. W. L. Matthews, Mr. J. H. Moss, Mr. Leigh McCarthy, Dr. Harold Parsons, Dr. D. King Smith, Mr. W. A. Smith, Mr. A. M. Stewart, Captain C. T. Van Straubenzie, Mr. J. A. Thompson, and Mr. S. Casey Wood. These young men have spent a good deal of time and thought over all the details of their dance, and it will be easily the smartest thing given in Toronto for years. The usual difficulty has confronted the bachelors of arranging a list of guests to fit the limited quarters at the smart restaurant, and when that limit was reached the list was irrevocably closed. The dance is, therefore, not going to be a jam, but a delightful affair, and, though some disappointments have been inevitable, it is recognized by all that the very best efforts of the committee have been used to make the ball what it should be with such a representative list of hosts.

Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Rowland left on the 7th for a three months' trip to Southern California.

Mrs. Plummer of Barrie is in town. I believe she is to spend a short while with Miss Harrison of Madison avenue, who returned from the North a month ago. Mrs. Arthur Ross, who has been spending the winter with Miss Harrison, is going to Mrs. Creelman in Montreal for a visit. There is a rumor that Mr. Don Ross is to pay Toronto a visit shortly. I am told that Miss Harrison is going abroad in a month or so, and intends remaining for a year or longer, letting her home furnished during her travels.

Mr. and Mrs. McLeod of St. George street are in Halifax. I am informed that they will also be moving from their present residence shortly, though I don't know if they have yet found another suitable home. Miss McLeod, who was to have spent this month with her sister, Mrs. Manning, in Fredericton, was kept in town by an attack of rheumatism.

Mrs. R. Milton Pitts of Cornwall is visiting her sister, Mrs. Pinkerton, 103 Tyndall avenue. They will be at home on the third Thursday of February, afternoon and evening.

Shaded lights, sweet-scented flowers and soft tones of music combined to make the hospitable home of Mrs. Peter Macdonald very attractive on Thursday of last week, when she entertained her own and her daughter's friends at afternoon tea. The hostess was becomingly gowned in rich black lace, with touches of real lace as garniture, and carried a large bunch of sweet violets, which were no sweeter than the welcome given to

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in making everyone happy. The tea-

room was a very beautiful spot, the color-scheme carried out entirely in crim-

son, with quantities of smilax as a re-

lief. In the center of the table an exquisite basket of Meteor roses was

placed, and at each end crimson-shaded

candelabra on mirrors reflected the color-

note. Miss Evelyn Haworth, Miss Bir-

die Harmer, Miss Louie Fulton, Miss

Jean Harris, Miss Maud Macallum and

Miss Josephine Wright vied with each

other in being attentive to the many

coming and going.



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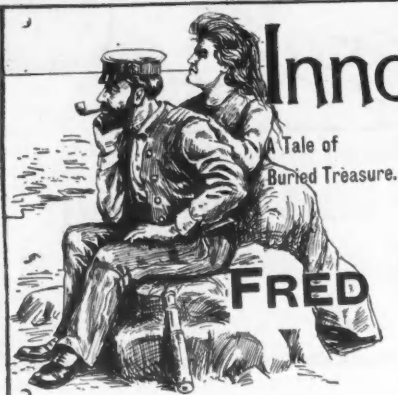
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CHAPTER XIII. A Fair Stowaway.

Though Keith Adams was a witness at the inquest, and testified to the depression from which the deceased had suffered on the day of his death, and which, as all charitably admitted, must account for his rash indulgence at the public-house, he said nothing of any suspicion he may have entertained as to foul play. There was nothing to prove it.

Robinson had turned up the street instead of down it of his own accord, as many could and did testify. No strangers had been noticed in the vicinity; it would be useless and foolish to stir up unprovable suspicion.

Keith thought much of Ruby Amright, and pitied her with all his soul. She must be suffering horrible tortures of grief, yet he dared not offer her sympathy. He had attempted such an enterprise on a former occasion, and the attempt had been a lamentable failure. He would rather leave Seadown this time without seeing her again.

There was prospect of getting out of the place speedily, as it happened, for Tom Foster—eagerly encouraged by Jessie—had taken up the question of a voyage to Innocence Island, and had already approached the shipping company, late owners of the "Heecuba," as to despatching a vessel for the purpose of rescuing her shipwrecked crew. The company readily recognized their obligation to do so. Freight to the Pacific ports were low and offered little inducement to owners. "It won't hurt us much to lose a few weeks hunting up the poor chaps!" said one of the directors. "It, as you say, some of the 'Heecuba's' bullock was saved we must see whether the bank and underwriters won't stand in with us for expenses."

Keith Adams visited the bank in order to sound them on this point. The partners were inclined to be suspicious as to the good faith of persons who obviously intended to make the recovery of their property a matter of commerce. The gold, they contended, was theirs, and must be surrendered, if saved.

"You've got to find it first," said Keith. "The only man that's seen it, barring those on the island, is dead. I happen to have a chart of the place, but you don't suppose I'm going to part with it for nothing? What's more, the crew of the 'Heecuba,' as I'm told, don't intend anyone to have the stuff, neither you, nor me, nor anyone else. It was wrecked, they say, and therefore doesn't belong to anybody but those who found it."

"Then what do you propose to do?" "I propose to be your man—and me and a few others who'll be in the secret. And if we can't come to terms with the chaps we must get the stuff as best we can, acting for you under an agreement as to conditions. How much do you reckon there is of it in the six cases?"

"More than enough to keep you and me for a year or two," laughed the banker. "Thirty thousand pounds in each case."

Keith laughed also. "And all found-money!" he exclaimed. "You wouldn't grudge a case or two for them as got it back for you, would you? Why, you could give every man Jack on the island and everyone of your new crew a thousand each and not notice it was gone."

"Good-by," he said again. "It was arranged eventually that should the cases be safely recovered both Keith and Foster should be paid in cash or value for not less than two thousand pounds apiece. The bank would send out a representative who should do his best to come to terms with the islanders; it might be that by this time they had become more amenable to reason, since it would be obvious to them that they could no longer hope to keep inviolate the secret of their treasure trove."

So the ship was fitted out and manned and was ready to sail. A clerk from the bank, by name Warden, had been chosen to accompany the party. Foster and Keith Adams were busy assembling their crew, who were equally busy keeping away until the last moment, as sailors will. Keith was first mate under one of the company's oldest and truest skippers, James Brenton. Foster had been offered the berth as second mate, at Keith's request, and the three men sat in the company's little office on the busy wharf with their bills of lading and waiting for the last stragglers to come in. The "Penelope" would sail at four this afternoon.

A lad knocked at the door. "There's a lady outside," he announced, "asking for Mr. Adams."

"That'll be that little fool Jess again, askin' to come," said Foster. "Don't you let her get round you, Keith."

Keith laughed and went to the door. A lady stood there, dressed in mourning and wearing a black veil, which concealed her features.

"I'm sorry if I'm takin' you from your work, Mr. Adams," she began, "but I—"

"Ruby!" exclaimed Keith, blushing like a peony, and his heart giving a great jump in his breast. "I—I didn't expect to see you again," he stammered.

Now that she was here and had actually taken the step she felt impelled, yet hesitated, to take, Ruby Amright was frightened at her own boldness and felt almost as shy and helpless as Keith himself. She had waited for him to pay her at least one farewell visit. She had hoped, indeed, that he would come to woo. It was not her fault this time that he did not, for she had made it very clear to Dick Robinson, at his visit, that his suit had failed. She had then explained that her mind was quite made up. There was only one man in the world whose advances she would consider, and that man was not Dick. She was sorry, she added, if he felt disappointed. But, as he knew very well, she

had made no promises; and if he had told folks that she had done so, he did very wrongly.

"Ask Mr. Adams why he never comes to see me these weeks past," she had ended.

The hint was plain enough for poor Dick. She had thrown him over in favor of Keith, after all. Hence his depression and ill-humor on the evening of his death. As for delivering Ruby's message to Keith, he felt more inclined to wring his friend's neck than repeat her words to him.

But Ruby—whether she expected that Dick would do so or not (perhaps it was rather too much to expect of him), waited for Keith to come and bid her good-by, at least, before setting out upon his long and dangerous enterprise.

When he did not come she worried; then she wept; then she grew angry and vowed the fool was not worth troubling for and she would think of him no more. Then, in justification of her determination to be foolish no longer, she cried her eyes out to think she should not see him before his departure for the ends of the earth. Lastly, unable to bear the melancholy thought of so long a separation without one word of kindness to soften it, she took the bold course of going alone to Southampton docks and enquiring for Keith at the company's office.

"Did poor Dick Robinson give you any message from me?" she stammered. "Not that I remember," replied Keith, with his usual awkwardness.

"Not that he remembers!" thought Ruby indignantly. "Who but he'd forget such a message when a maid sent it?" But the girl felt chastened and subdued and continued without show of anger. "I said I hoped you'd come and say good-by, that's all, as you didn't come I thought I couldn't let you go without a word, so I came myself."

"I never got the message," said Keith. "I was afraid of comin' and worryin' round in the midst of your sorrow for poor Dick. But it is good of you to come and that's the truth."

"I wanted to say I'm sorry I was rude to you one day—it's two years ago, down on the sands. You said things to me that made me mad, and I said what I was sorry for after. I thought I'd tell you this afore you sailed."

"That's all right. It was my fault. I'm only a fool when I'm talkin' to maids; as if I don't know it myself!"

"It's a pity, for you make folks say what they don't mean."

This remark offered Keith a splendid opportunity, but he was slow to take it, being but a fool with maids. He only said:

"I can talk to men proper; it's with maids I'm an idiot."

Ruby began to grow angry; it was her way. She had little patience when matters went not as she wished and intended.

"You'll have plenty of men to talk to for the next year, so you'll be happy!" she said. "Well, I must be goin'." She added, half crying and half cross. "Good-by—you'll have forgotten me when you come back."

"I won't, I swear to that. You know better, too, Ruby. I should have done wiser, maybe, if I had, long ago. Must you be goin' so soon? Well, good-by."

They shook hands.

"Good-by," he said again.

"There's a bit of fluff or something on your cheek," she said, and she raised her ungloved hand to brush the imaginary particle away. Her fingers lingered softly for a moment upon his face.

"Good-by!" she repeated. "Be sure and come back."

Jessie carefully chose her opportunity for her appearance. She waited until the skipper and Keith were alone, then breaking her fall. It was now devolved upon Keith to inform Tom Foster of his sister's presence and to soften his heart, as far as possible, towards the wilful little stowaway before permitting him to see her.

Keith could manage men though he was but a fool with the fair sex, and Jessie was received by her brother with comparative mildness. She was, indeed, in disgrace for a while, but presently he forgot his anger, and even went so far as to praise her cooking, and to remark that it was a comfort to have someone by who could darn socks.

Jessie intended to prove, by and by, that she had even better claims to the toleration of her brother and the others, and that the arguments she had brought forward in favor of being allowed to join the expedition were sounder than the men had supposed.

CHAPTER XIV. The Island at Last.

Nothing of much moment happened during the voyage until near the end of it. The good ship "Penelope" was plowing her furrow in the North Pacific before anything happened worthy of notice. Then it suddenly transpired that the devil was on board.

The evil one appeared in the guise of two sailors, quiet fellows both as the whole force could testify, for they had scarcely opened their mouths from the first day of the voyage until now, keeping themselves to themselves, as the men put it, and standing aloof from their comrades in a manner which did not conduce to their popularity.

These two sailors had signed under the names of Blythe and Eddis. They had done their work well, and the ship's officers had no complaint to make against them.

Then, when the Pacific was reached and the crew were whispering among themselves that the mysterious destination of the "Penelope" must now be nearly reached, the cloven foot appeared.

The men of the starboard watch were talking over their dinner; one or two of them knew some of the crew of the "Heecuba," whose release from the island upon which they were wrecked was the ostensible reason d'être for the present expedition.

"There's more in it, boys, than bringin' those blokes home, and don't you make any mistake!" suddenly exclaimed Eddis. Remarks from him were so rare that his companions looked at him in surprise.

"There's treasure—we all know that; you ain't discovered nothing new!" said the bosun, with some scorn.

"Ah—whose treasure? Who does the gold belong to?" continued the man Eddis. "Why, to them as rescued it. There ain't a man on board what's got any claim to it."

"All right," said Jack Fry, the bosun, "nobody hasn't asked you to claim any." "It ain't the bank's, what's sent a clerk to take possession?" continued Eddis, without noticing the interruption.

"Nor it ain't Mr. Adams', what thinks the whole world belongs to him. There's only one owner, and that's the ship's company what found the island and saved the gold from the sea."

"All right, old man, let it remain at that," said Fry. "When we're old a harpation court you shall be asked to preside."

"Dick Robinson was the only one as had a right to a share," Eddis persisted, "and the fool goes and falls over the cliff. Lord! there's enough gold there, boys, to make us all rich men, every one of us, and the chaps what's on the island besides. If anything was to happen to this 'ere Adams, who's going to know where the island is or where the gold's hid? The secret'd be worth something."

It came from Dick Robinson, his dead brother. There isn't a man on board, not that you know of, that's got a right to know it."

"Well, you seem to know a lot about it, anyway," laughed someone. "Maybe you were there."

"Well, anyway, Adams wasn't, and what I say is, if anything was to 'appen to him, who's—"

"Come, stow that!" said the bosun angrily. "N'ot'in' ain't goin' to happen to Mr. Adams."

Eddis "stowed it," but remarked later that sometimes folks seemed to be talkin' like fools when they knew a bit more than others suspected.

"I thought you a baddish fool all the while you sulked and didn't speak," said the bosun, "but now you talk, I see you're a wuss one."

"That's all right," said Eddis. "All I care is that some on board this ship should understand what's going on, and who's who afore we reach this 'ere island. I don't mind how big a fool I am so long as I teach others to open their eyes."

"What in thunder do you mean, if you mean anything?" said the bosun.

pen to you, sir, because there's others on board has the bearings of the island as well as you and has a better right to what's on it."

"What in thunder do they mean?" exclaimed Keith. A moment later he added with a start, "Good Lord, could it be them? See here, Fry," he added. "You'll have to keep an eye on those chaps, my man, they're dangerous. See they don't corrupt the men. Soon as there's the slightest pretext, arrest them and clap them in irons. The crew know we're to fetch back gold, do they?"

"All Southampton knew that, sir. There wasn't no secret about it."

"Tell them the owners have promised every man a share if we get it. The clerk on board, Mr. Warden, will make all that clear before we go ashore. Should you be surprised if I told you those two chaps are two of the 'Heecuba's' men and came off the island soon after Robinson? They have the bearin's of the place, no doubt, just as correct as he had—which means as correct as I have, for I hold Robinson's chart. But once they got rid of me, which is what they're hintin' at, they'll never take you there—not they—not to let the bank get back the gold. Their game is to leave it for their pals and take their share later when they've shook us off. That's their game."

"Well I'm damned!" exclaimed Fry. "You do surprise me, sir. Them chaps wasn't an eye kept on them, as you say, and they shall have it. Lord, now, who'd have thought it!"

"I deserve this," thought Keith, "for not thinking they might join the ship. Of course they were bound to do it, and I ought to have known it!"

Mr. Bosun kept a strict watch upon his men from this hour, but it was not until a week later that they were caught tripping.

One night Keith, asleep in his bunk, was awakened by a rustling in his cabin. Cautiously opening his eyes he distinctly saw the cabin-boy ransacking the pockets of his jacket, which he had thrown off on lying down. Jumping up suddenly Keith collared the lad.

"Now, then, you little villain. What's the meaning of this?" he roared. The thief whimpered and wept and belabored out that he had been threatened with murder if he didn't find a certain chart in Mr. Adams' pocket.

"Who by?" cried Keith, shaking him. "Come, the truth!"

"Eddis," the boy blubbered, "Eddis and Blythe. I swear I haven't took anything, sir."

This escapade cost the two men their freedom, and thus proved the means of saving Keith and, perhaps, the whole ship's company from further dangers.

By this time the "Penelope" was riding within a hundred miles of Innocence Island. The skipper and Keith were constantly busy with charts and compasses and scientific instruments. Robinson's invaluable list of instructions, together with his chart of the island, lay open on the table before them.

A few hours later both men agreed that if they were making no mistake, the island should now be within a few miles. A lookout man was sent aloft, armed with a telescope, but night came and no land had yet been made out.

Two whole days were spent cruising in a circle and backwards and forwards. The good ship plowed her furrow over every acre within a radius of twenty miles, but the island was not found.

Then the crew began to show signs of impatience. Fry, the bosun, approached the skipper, and respectfully desired, in the name of the crew, to be informed whether there was any mistake in the reckonings.

"Tell them we shall fetch the island presently," said the captain. "We're just about right, but it's difficult to hit off the spot to an inch."

"What are they afraid of?" added Keith. "The island will stay where it is till we find it."

"The fact is, sir," said Fry, "you did say something about treasure and each man to have a share. If I may make a suggestion, if Mr. Warden was to come forward and tell 'em what his people intend to do for the crew, it'd give them something to think of while we cruise about looking for the island."

This proved a good suggestion. Mr. Warden went forward with the bosun and addressed the men.

"As they were now getting near their destination," he said, "it was time he informed them that his employers intended to deal generously with all those who should assist in recovering their property. He was empowered to offer each man three assisting one hundred pounds and three times the amount of his pay."

This announcement was received with cheers, though some seemed dissatisfied. "We'd rather find the stuff first and recover it, and leave it to the owners to do justice by us afterwards!" said one, and the men cheered this also.

"Well, you can have it that way if you prefer it!" said Mr. Warden. "The

One Week.

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Where a person has no troubles excepting those caused by coffee Postum Food Coffee, if faithfully used, will usually act with remarkable quickness. Here is an example even where the coffee habit has been one of long standing.

"I had been a coffee-drinker for 20 years, and until recently regarded it as one of the 'stays of life,'" writes a Tennessee clergyman.

"About a year ago an attack of malaria impaired my digestion, and I began to use more coffee than usual, thinking it would help my system throw off the malady. During that year I suffered indescribable agonies of nervous indigestion. Finally I noticed that every time I drank coffee for dinner or supper I was much worse. I told my wife I thought it was coffee and that I would quit it and use hot water. Then I thought I would try the Postum we had heard so much about."

"From the very day I left off coffee and introduced Postum I began to improve, and at the end of one single week I did not have even the slightest symptom of nervousness and dyspepsia left. It is many weeks now since then and I have not only gained in flesh, but am entirely free from indigestion and am strong and happy. My wife had been nervous and her stomach in bad condition, and when she saw the change wrought in me followed my example, and, after using Postum a short time, extremely beneficial results followed."

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principal thing is to hang all together till we've got it. From what I'm told there are those who intend to assert their right to the whole. None of us can afford to let them make fools of us, now we've come all this way to fetch the stuff!"

All this gave plenty of food for conversation and argument, and the men became too busy discussing financial matters to take much note of other things. Had the crew been mutinously disposed, this would have been a dangerous moment. Even as things were, the malcontents seemed to be gaining the upper hand. The discussions grew louder by degrees. Mr. Warden was constantly approached and referred to. If this should continue much longer, the skipper remarked uneasily, the men might become nasty. The best of crews were capable of losing moral status when there was talk of treasure in the air.

But at the critical moment, at about six in the evening of the third day of close cruising, the lookout man aloft saw land.

Far away in the horizon, floating between sea and sky, lay a thin blue line. The men cheered and waved their caps. Keith danced for joy; even the skipper cheered.

"By thunder!" he cried. "So we weren't far wrong, after all, Adams. Keep her off two points, Mr. Foster—we don't want them to see us to-night if they haven't done so already! And out with all lights!"

(To be continued.)

He Can Sleep and Work Now.

What Dodd's Kidney Pills I did for Emilien Cloutre.

Cured Him of Pain in the Back and Headache, and Made Him Well and Strong Again.

Val Racine, Que., Feb. 9.—(Special.)—Among those in this neighborhood who openly proclaim the benefits they have received from the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills is Emilien Cloutre. M. Cloutre was long a sufferer from that most trying of troubles, Pain in the Back, that adds to its inconvenience the disquieting knowledge that it is one of the surest symptoms of Kidney Disease.

Now M. Cloutre is well and strong, able to do a good day's work and enjoy a good night's sleep. Interviewed regarding his case, he says:

"I am not able to do otherwise than praise Dodd's Kidney Pills, for I am cured. I work well. When I go up to bed I get rest. Before I used Dodd's Kidney Pills I got up feeling more fatigued than the night before. I had pain in the back and headache which bothered my rest. I took nine boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and am cured. I praise them to all who speak to me about them."

Others suffering from the pains and aches resulting from Kidney Complaint have followed M. Cloutre's advice and used Dodd's Kidney Pills. They, too, are compelled to admit the truth of the oft-repeated statement, "There is no form of Kidney Complaint that Dodd's Kidney Pills cannot cure."

Kitchener's Acknowledgments.

Mr. John W. Campbell has received from Lord Kitchener, commander of the forces in India, an appreciative letter in acknowledgment of his verses, "Canada to Kitchener," recently published in "Sheet music, together with the now celebrated 'laughing picture' of the grim warrior. The verses are as follows:

Well done, your work on the anvil,
Welding another son
And continent to our Empire,
By British soldiers won.

Our warriors were the hammers—
Unwavering their blows
Upon the heated anvil,
Subduing stubborn foes.

Serene in peace, with sword at rest,
Your smile has healed the wounded breast.

The glory by your valor won
Will Britons fire from sire to son
In every land beneath the sun.

Brave Kitchener, officers, men of the West
We in King Edward's warm wing of the West
Remember in love your comrades at rest.

As Business Developed.

"But why," asks the lawyer for the defendant of the eminent handwriting expert, "are you so cocksure that your

decision on this chirography is correct?" "Sir," replies the expert with some dignity, "I have had the 's' examined by my consulting oculist, the 'p's by my gardener, the 'b's by my apiarist, the 'c's by a retired ship captain, the 'e's by a tramp that I picked up some time ago, the 'h's by a globe-trotter who has done England, the 'j's by a professional bunco-man, the 'k's by a scientific cheese-maker, the 'g's by the best teamster I could find, the 'f's by a renowned musician, the 'l's by an elevated railway president, the 'm's by the president of the typographical union, the 'o's by three shrewd bill-collectors, the 'q's by a Chinese savant, the 't's by one of our leading importers, the 'v's and 'x's by a committee of bank cashiers, the 'w's by a green-apple grower, the 'y's by a few members of a college faculty, and have relied on my own judgment as to the rest."

"Your honor," said the lawyer, "we have no further questions to ask."—"Judge."

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Names of Teas.

In the Canton dialect, "Pekoe" means "white hair," and for this kind of tea the very youngest leaves of all are gathered, so young that the white down of babyhood is still upon them—whence their name. "Congoo" means "labor," considerable trouble and labor are taken in its preparation at Amoy, and these are perpetuated in its name. "Bohea" is named after a range of hills in Fokien. "Soochong" expresses no sentiments, but a built fact, being Cantonese for "the small kind." "Hyson" signifies "flourishing spring."

During his visit in Chicago, Sir Philip Burne-Jones has been exhibiting his painting, "The Vampire," which inspired Kipling's verses of that title, and also a portrait of Kipling. In an interview he remarked that there was no truth in the story that Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the English actress, had posed for "The Vampire." The model, he declares, was a Brussels professional.

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The Book Worm
In "Belshazzar," by William Stearns Davis (Toronto: Copp, Clark Company), the writer takes us back to the head-days of Babylonian civilization and to the days of a festive and pageant-loving people. The story opens within a few furlongs of Babylon. Atossa, daughter of Cyrus, King of Persia, is being borne towards the wonderful city, and in one year is to be proclaimed Belshazzar's wife—the marriage ceremonies occupying an entire twelve months. Darius, Cyrus's envoy and Atossa's consort, sees her secretly to the palace, and there, in their own strange tongue, they take leave of each other. Amid all the revelry and splendor, Atossa's heart is chilled as her gaze rests on Belshazzar's cruel, clear-cut features. The King of Babylon also desires a beautiful Jewess, Ruth, daughter of Daniel the Jew, who is betrothed to Isaiah, the prophet. To keep her from the King's impure embrace, Daniel and Isaiah place her in hiding at the temple of Bel Marduk, a high priest and at that time a great rival of the King. The King's anger becomes inflamed towards the Jews, and he imprisons Daniel as an evil prophet. Darius has also won the King's disfavor and is likewise sent to the dungeon. Isaiah releases them—their escape is miraculous. Cyrus hears of the imprisonment of Darius, and his heart waxes keen for vengeance. War breaks out between Persia and Babylon. Cyrus marches on Babylon. Burning villages and general havoc mark his path. After many long hours of weary marching, Cyrus's host is commanded to halt and pitch its tents and abide for some months. News spreads in Babylon that Cyrus has retreated. One year has elapsed since Atossa entered the palace of the King, and another feast is prepared, to surpass in splendor anything the people have ever looked upon. The eunuchs and slaves have been busy for days preparing the various viands and delicacies. The myriads of lights are as dazzlingly bright as the sun itself. The toasts have begun; the rioting and shouting becomes as a vast murmuring sea. Belshazzar is just about to lift his cup with the shout of the pledge upon his lips, when suddenly a silence strikes dumb the multitude; terror blanches the monarch's face as his eyes become riveted on the plastered wall, where in mysterious, burning letters appears the fearful message: "Mene, mene, Tekel, Upharsin!" Cyrus's muffled army comes marching upon the roystering, revelling multitudes. Two of the King's generals have traitorously thrown open the city to the impouring Persians. The revellers are slain at their wine-cups, and in the midst of the tumult a bolt from heaven descends upon the Tower of Babylon. The King, finding himself brought to bay, draws a dagger from his girdle and sheathes it in his own breast. Cyrus claims Atossa and gives her in marriage to the man of her own choice, Darius, the Persian. Ruth is also spared to Daniel, her father, and Isaiah, her lover. The story is well told in the voluptuous language of the Orient. It is a melodramatic but fascinating version of a chapter of ancient history whose general outlines are known to all.

"The Living Buddha," by Roy Horniman, is No. 144 of the Unwin Colonial Library, new set, sent out by T. Fisher Unwin this month from London. I am thus particularizing because it is not an ordinary novel, but a book sure to prove interesting to persons studying certain modern conditions and evolutions of thought. The tale opens in May, 1857, in the days of the Indian Mutiny and concerns the slaying of Captain Jack Burney by mutineer Sepoys; the flight of his wife with her baby, whose tender thumb has been shot off by a stray bullet; the frantic mother's plight when, hiding her boy, she attempts to secure food for him and returns to find him missing; her having been taken by a gentle Brinjaris woman and her peddler husband and borne away to the north. At this time they are met by a deputation of Buddhists on a tour through Nepal in search of the child in whose form their Buddha had reincarnated. Their Oracle had given them a clue—the child was to be white as the soul of the Buddha, and to have but four fingers on his right hand. Other tests convince them

"The Evolution of Immortality," by Dr. S. D. McConnell of Trinity Church, Brooklyn, is a book calculated to make the most advanced thinkers sit up and allow that nothing more final and inspiring than his idea of how to live forever has yet been formulated. Dr. McConnell once spoke in St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, winning his hearers as much by his inevitable Scotch logic as by his grace of diction and earnest conviction. Now he has written a book which goes beyond the creeds, doubles back to and illuminates some of the Master's words, and seems to set "Immortality" on a gift of no value, nor a general, inevitable condition. To save one's soul alive one must choose always the good, no matter what it costs, and gradually purge and strengthen one's soul until it becomes, through evolution, worthy of life immortal. Failing these efforts and results, it will die, achieving its own annihilation." Dr. McConnell's friends in Toronto will perhaps have come across his book ere this, as it appears to have gone through three editions in the two years or less since it first came out. The Macmillan Company of New York present it.

An Important Political Work.
The publishers announce the early publication of "The World's History," by J. S. Willison. The choice of Mr. Willison as historian of the Liberal party and the biographer of its brilliant leader was exceedingly fortunate. Associated as he has been for many years with political movements in Canada, and thoroughly conversant with the history of his country, his opinions and his information are at once intimate and authoritative.

The Lunch Question.
How a Big Chicago Firm Solved It
So many employees "bolt the lunch" and eat what they should not that they soon show the effect in nervousness and dyspepsia. This has attracted the attention of managers of the big stores and shops. In one Chicago firm an experiment on some of the girls resulted in a complete solution of the question. The woman that made the experiment tells the tale as follows: "About a year ago I became alarmed at the state of my daughter's health. She was employed by a big firm here, and for some reason steadily lost flesh, grew very nervous, had no appetite, and could not sleep."

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finally, and they take possession of little Jackie Burney and bear him to their monastery in far Tibet, where he is worshipped for many years as the reincarnated Buddha and reforms the whole community. Meantime his widowed mother becomes a religionist, and, refusing to believe in his death, remains in Benaput, in hopes of tidings of him, until one of the missionaries, a widower named David Haviland, with one daughter, persuades her to marry him, and eventually to take mission work in China. They choose Tsang Lo as their mission, and rent a dwelling within sight of the Buddhist monastery in which Catharine Burney's son rules the faithful as the Living Buddha. It is twenty-eight years since she lost him, but she never has given up hope. The story of the duplicity of the Chinese governor, the awful tyranny of the deadly Fuchsia league, the fascination of Haviland's daughter for the Living Buddha, and the life of the monks and the missionaries, with the tragedy which closes the story, as it began in another land, with death, is all of the keenest interest. But I don't think there is any great endorsement or encouragement to a missionary society in the tale, and the evolution of Haviland from a self-sure dispenser of salvation to a respectful considerer of Buddhism's good points is interesting and appealing. The Orientalisms are most graphic and fascinating.

"The Circle," by Katherine C. Thurston, is published this week by the Copp, Clark Company. This is a powerful portrayal of the wide experiences that may be compassed within eight years of a woman's life. In this story Anna Solny possesses the genius and Mrs. Maxted discovers its existence and furnishes the opportunity to develop it. From the neutral tints of obscurity in which Anna was born, she passes through the graduating shades that existence possesses for a woman. She experiences ultimately, hope, expectation, fulfillment; then from the zenith of a wonderful success and an ideal love she is borne inevitably downward to shadow and darkness. The story does not end here, however, for after a thorough scouring of her conscience we find Anna broken away from her life circle and standing in the full light. The story is a remarkable one and wonderfully well done. By its very simplicity it holds the reader with a grip that constantly attests its power.

In "The Long Vigil," by F. Jenner Taylor, Mr. Fisher Unwin sends us a curious imaginary tale based on the supposition that the Blessed Apostle St. John still lives among men on earth and guard, comfort and help their fellows, guided by his own supernatural insight and knowledge. This idea may or may not appeal to one. A flavor of utility and unreality spoils the tale for a matter-of-fact reader, and at times the story lags or runs in a confused manner. The intense magnetic power of the undying apostle reminds one teasingly of the Messenger from Mars and his convincing work.

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ticulars will be mailed to any address by George N. Morang & Co. (Limited), publishers, Toronto.

Knows no Distinction.
Rich and Poor Alike Suffer From Catarrh in This Climate.

All observant physicians have noticed the enormous increase in catarrhal diseases in recent years, and the most liberal and enlightened have cheerfully given their approval to the new internal remedy, Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, as the most successful and by far the safest remedy for catarrh yet produced.

One well-known catarrh specialist, as soon as he had made a thorough test of this preparation, discarded inhalers, washes and sprays and now depends entirely upon Stuart's Catarrh Tablets in treating catarrh, whether in the head, throat or stomach.

Dr. Risdel says: "In patients who had lost the sense of smell entirely and even where the hearing has begun to be affected from catarrh, I have had fine results after only a few weeks' use of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets. I can only explain their action on the theory that the cleansing and antiseptic properties of the tablets destroy the catarrhal germs wherever found because I have found the tablets equally valuable in catarrh of the throat and stomach as in nasal catarrh."

Dr. Estabrook says: "Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are especially useful in nasal catarrh and catarrh of the throat, clearing the membranes of mucus and speedily overcoming the hacking, coughing and expectorating."

Any sufferer from catarrh will find Stuart's Catarrh Tablets will give immediate relief, and, being in tablet form and pleasant to the taste, are convenient and always ready for use, as they can be carried in the pocket and used at any time, as they contain no poisonous drugs, but only the cleansing, antiseptic properties of Eucalyptus bark, blood root and Hydrastis.

All druggists sell the tablets at 50 cents for complete treatment.

Curious Bits of News.

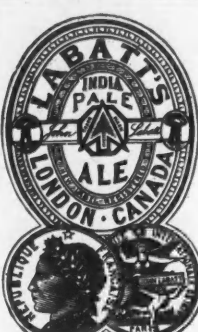
Recent statistics prove that the United States possesses the most polyglot press in the world. Outside journals published in English (or American-English) it has been ascertained that there are 743 published in German, 63 in Swedish, 60 in Norwegian, 39 in French, 38 in Czechish, 37 in Italian, 37 in Polish, 37 in Spanish, 19 in Hebrew, 16 in Dutch, 12 in Slav, 8 in Finnish, 6 in Portuguese, 5 in Lithuanian, 5 in Armenian, 5 in Hungarian, 5 in Croatian, 4 in Chinese, 2 in Japanese, 2 in Greek, 2 in Latin, 2 in Russian, 1 in Iroquois, and one in Gaelic. Babel must take second place to this.

It may be doubted whether the dictates of fashion have ever led to anything more cruel and repulsive than the practice described in a French medical publication as the one adopted to procure those sinister-looking animals whose fierce and hideous attitudes are reproduced in the jewelry worn to-day by fashionable Parisian beauties. The artist who provides these morbid designs lives in a village near Paris, and in different cages keeps cats, rats and many other animals whom he slowly starves to death. Though he lives among his victims, the artist has grown callous to their cries, and as the wretched animals writhe in their agony he gets the horrible and fantastic forms he desires for the jewelry destined to adorn the beautiful women of the French capital.

A telephone church service, whereby hundreds of people can listen to the services while at their own homes, has recently been instituted in an Indiana town. Those who listen can distinguish every word, and the result is altogether satisfactory. "This is the future of all our social services," writes E. F. Powell in "Christian Register." "In my own house my sons frequently play the violin and organ for a group of a dozen or more families scattered over a radius of two or three miles. The music is heard as perfectly in the most remote house as in the nearest. In the same way the women of a circuit have established telephone tea-parties. At a certain hour they sit down to their 'phones, drink their own tea, and distribute the gossip." Imagine how each one puts in an extra lump of sugar!

The case of Judge Campbell of Virginia, who horsewhipped the Rev. Mr. Crawford, is about before the courts. One of the witnesses, John L. Lea, described as a leading criminal lawyer of Lynchburg, gave testimony which throws some light upon the peculiar social relations which the duello creates in the South. On the cross-examination the defendant's counsel, Major Conrad, questioned him as to his personal relations with Campbell. "I prefer not to go into that matter," he said. "I regret, Mr. Lea, that I am instructed to insist," said the major. Then the Lynchburg lawyer answered the question as follows: "My relations with Judge Campbell have been rather peculiar. Some ten or twelve years ago, during the time of my service as commonwealth's attorney, I was forced to shoot and kill his father. I was promptly arrested, promptly tried and promptly acquitted by a judge and jury whose integrity has never been called into question. For months afterward Judge Campbell and I did not speak. Finally Judge Campbell came to me, held out his hand, and said he didn't blame me for what I had done and that he wished to be friends. I was placed in an embarrassing position, but, of course, I shook hands with him, and since that time we have been friendly in a way. There was never any intimacy between us."

Cross Babies.
How to Make Them Bright, Good-Natured and Well.
A crying baby is an unwell baby. The little chap is not cross for the fun of it. He cries because that is the only way he has of expressing the fact that he is either in pain or discomfort. Most of his little troubles are due to some disorder of the stomach or bowels, and if Baby's Own Tablets are given both the trouble and resulting crossness will disappear. You can take a mother's word for it, and Mrs. John T. Sutherland of Blissfield, N.B., says: "I think Baby's Own Tablets the best medicine in the world for little ones. My baby was very cross and used to keep me awake half the night before I got the Tablets. Now she sleeps soundly, is good-natured and is growing splendidly." You can give these Tablets with perfect safety to a newborn babe. They are guaranteed to contain no opiate or poisonous sleepy stuff, and are a sure cure for all the minor ailments from which little ones suffer. Sold by medicine dealers or sent, postpaid, at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.



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SURPASSING ALL COMPETITORS

There's a Medium
in price—in quality—in shape.
If it's a man's \$3.50 Velour, Box Calf, or Vici Kid Lace Boot, we have a much larger variety than most places. If it's a lady's \$2.50 Patent Leather or Vici Kid Slipper, with one, two or three straps, we will surprise you with the style and quality we are showing at that price.
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"In youth we fancy life to be a straight line; later we know it to be a circle, in which the present presses on the future and the future on the past."
The Circle
By Katherine C. Thurston.
Cloth, \$1.25
Paper, 75c.
This is an extraordinary first book about which the English and American publishers are equally enthusiastic.
Canadian Agents for the Publications of Macmillan & Co., London, England.
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Another Stride.
The publishers of the "Pudditt Magazine" announce with some pride that they will shortly inaugurate a strikingly new movement in literature. Instead of having the authors prepare the stories which are inserted in the center of the magazine these worthy individuals will be compelled to write the advertisements, while the ad-writers will be given full sway in the pages devoted to real romance. We are permitted to copy the following display-lines from the advance sheets of the advertising pages: "Prisoners of Soap! The Adventures of Latherus and Grit. A clean, helpful story." "The Scalped Mattress; or, How it Felt to Have the Hair Removed. By old Nick Carter." "Sherlock Homes and Happy Homes in the Layment Subdivision. By Donan Coyle." "The Light That Failed. It Was Not the Smellsback Light. By Kidyard Ruppeling." "Striking Testimonials to the Efficacy of Dr. Heale's Heart Cure. By the author of the 'Letters of Elizabeth.'" Etc., etc., etc.—"Judge."

Uncomfortable.
Finnicus—I wonder why it is that those who attain the pinnacle of success never seem to be happy? Cynicus—Because the pinnacle of success is like the top of a particularly tall lightning-rod with a particularly sharp point, and those who succeed in perching temporarily upon it usually find that they are targets for all the world's lightning—"Town and Country."

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND R. SHEPPARD - Editor

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The Drama.



Sketch of Mrs. Campbell.

In the heat of our admiration for Mrs. Patrick Campbell's artistic temperament and convincing methods, it is well to guard against being carried away so far as to forget that Sudermann's play, "Es Lebe das Leben," translated by Mrs. Wharton under the title "The Joy of Living," is based upon a foundation of the solidarity of which may be sternly questioned by the psychologist. The genius of a great dramatist, aided by the remarkable intuition and temperamental warmth of an actress better suited than any of her race to interpret the tragedy of unhappy love, almost succeeded in making the audiences at the Princess Theater believe that a drama faultless in conception, psychology and characterization had been written. Close analysis, however, lays bare certain flaws which invalidate the integrity of the dramatic structure. While Herr Sudermann's technique is masterly, his point of view essentially and intellectually modern, his main premise is badly laid and his characterization artificial. Imagine the wife of a Prussian nobleman who fifteen years ago had transgressed the conventional laws regarding marital fidelity and had bestowed her love irregularly. The indiscretion was not lasting, and had been succeeded by a period during which platonic affection approved by the husband concealed smoldering passion. Given such a set of circumstances, would these two people, who have been living a lie for fifteen years, refuse to tell one in order to obviate a scandal? Would they prefer to die rather than utter the word which would have prevented a catastrophe and saved their lives? There can only be one answer to the question for the student of human nature. Is it probable, moreover, that a pure, high-minded woman such as Beata is represented to have been, would have entered into compromising relations with Baron Richard von Voerlkerlingk and consented for nearly a lifetime to deceive her husband, Count Michael von Kellinghausen? The verdict would undoubtedly be in the negative. Such, however, is the foundation of the play, which forms the only new portion of Mrs. Campbell's repertoire during her present visit. If these premises be taken as read, the play may be considered great, logical, convincing, and coherent. If the contrary, it must be said that the author has reared a beautiful superstructure upon sandy ground. The resemblance between "The Joy of Living" and "Magda" is easily noticed. Both have the tinge of Ibsenism which characterizes other works of the playwright and his conferees of the modern German school. The heroine of each drama is pictured as waging the battle of the individual, the ego, against the oppressive convention of society. Each in moments of rebellion declares that she has lived her own life and not that imposed by custom; that she glories in having done so. The position of the dramatist is that of one who examines and denounces present conditions, and there is no doubt that in doing so he is in common with other and contemporary disciples of Ibsen and Tolstol, represents the advanced thought of Germany on social questions. For this reason such dramas are peculiarly instructive. But to return to Mrs. Campbell and the role of Beata, played with such power, pathos and emotion. Beata and her friend are brought face to face with the prospect of exposure, involving two families and a great party. A direct attack is suddenly made upon them in a Socialistic organ during an election campaign. The husband asks an explanation, being quite ready to accept a denial. Voerlkerlingk does deny, but Beata, in a gust of unaccountable passion, discloses everything. A duel is discussed between the two men, but the lover finally agrees, in order to spare the party, to kill himself quietly. Beata determines to save him by sacrificing herself. To preserve appearances the husband has arranged a breakfast at which himself, his wife and her lover shall be present, among others, on apparently friendly terms. While this function is in progress, Beata, who suffers from heart disease, takes an overdose of her medicine, totters from the room, and in a scene managed with consummate statecraft her death is indicated. She has left a letter for her husband which explains everything, and points out that nobody will suspect suicide, but that to avert scandal it will be necessary for Voerlkerlingk to be allowed to live. To this course the husband is compelled to agree. All these events are brought about in a manner highly theatrical, the skill of the dramatic craftsman being seen at every turn. It has been said that almost all the characters in this drama are artificial and live in a prison which they themselves guard; but this, while probably true, is not necessarily to be blamed upon the author, whose aim perhaps was to depict an artificial condition of society by means of artificial characters, who undoubtedly exist in real life. In the chief role Mrs. Campbell displayed the qualities that have made her famous. By turns, tender, passionate, playful, suffering, with her softly melancholy key, she gave an impersonation characterized by innate strength within a certain well defined area of emotion. It does not strike one that outside of her own personality she is able to achieve a great deal in the artistic sense; that is to say, the emotions which she produces with the greatest ease are those which are a part of her temperament and are, therefore, not simulated. Mr. Frederick Kerr, who will be remembered as taking a leading part in "The Degenerates" when Mrs. Langtry produced that play at the Grand some years ago, is an actor of power and resource, and his performance in "The Joy of Living"

was worthy of great praise. The other members of Mrs. Campbell's company are competent, an excellent character sketch of a German landowner of the gruff type being given by Mr. Josiah Gilson, while Mr. Charles Rowan, as the cynical Prince Uringen, with his witty remark anent a lady who "dispensed Christian charity sprinkled with arsenic," was clever and adequate. "The Joy of Living" was given on Monday and Tuesday, at the Wednesday matinee, and on Friday evening; "Magda" was given on Wednesday evening, and will be repeated on Saturday evening, while "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" was given on Thursday evening and will be repeated at the Saturday matinee. Mrs. Campbell's performances of these two works have so often been referred to that no extended notice is necessary.

Jules (not Maurice) Grau's opera company is presenting two comic operas at the Grand this week, Sousa's "El Capitan" the first half, and "The Wizard of the Nile" (music by Victor Herbert) the latter part. We are familiar with "The Wizard of the Nile" through the representation of that very funny man, Frank Daniels, but "El Capitan" as an opera is new to Toronto theater-goers. The music is of a stirring nature, as Sousa's music always is, and the play itself is worthy of being produced by a much more finished company. This company is not a clever one, only one or two of the actors rising above mediocrity. The plot of this three-act opera is as follows: Don Erico Madigna, Viceroy of Peru, is one of those "whose ability to get his friends into danger is only exceeded by his ability in keeping out himself." The Peruvian's dislike Don Erico, as he has never shown himself, being always represented by Pozzo, his chamberlain. When they rise in rebellion El Capitan, a noted leader, is killed, unknown to them but not unknown to Don Erico. Hard pressed, the latter personates the dead man, and "thereby hangs a tale." Most of the voices are good and the chorus is strong. William Herman West as Don Erico and John Henderson as Pozzo the chamberlain fill their parts with a fair amount of drollery and unaffectedness, qualities noticeably absent in many of the others. The costumes are not good; they look dowdy and badly put on. In the last act there is a march by the chorus, which is very well drilled. In the second act our flag is introduced as lovingly waving with the "Stars and Stripes," a friendly concession to Canadian sentiment, but one of which a good many Canadians have grown slightly weary.

Included in a good bill at Shea's this week is a charming sketch, differing pleasantly from the usual style. Mr. Clay Clement, assisted by Miss Kenwyn and Mr. Lloyd, gives half an hour of something that is really entertaining. It is a little bit of superior comedy, dealing with the love episode of a certain Baron von Hohenstauffen, a character admirably portrayed by Mr. Clement. His dialect is clever, but he occasionally loses himself when he drops into figurative language, as he frequently does. Miss Kenwyn has an attractive and graceful presence, and most ably assists in this prettily staged comedietta. Lavender and Tomson give quite a clever sketch. Miss Tomson's dialogue work being exceptionally good, but she really ought to be able to introduce something more appropriate and interesting than that vocal selection in which she completely loses the attention of the audience, who otherwise would be quite favorably impressed with the act. Binns and Binns are here again. They are funny people, if a trifle vulgar, and their novelty musical selections are very enjoyable. Mlle. Olive, juggler, does some very ordinary feats. She wears her hair negligee, and appears to do more juggling with it than anything else. Eddie Mack introduces a novelty in the way of a "baseball dance," which seems to be appreciated. A little Japanese lady, Ten-Katsu by name, entertains with a few sleight-of-hand tricks. She is a brilliant little body, and although she does not speak English she keeps up a lively chatter of something, which lends mystery to her work. "The Clown and the Chinaman," by Harding and Ah Sid, is a new way of introducing the acrobatic turn, and it seems to go very well. Ten-Ichi, the Japanese necromancer, does several tricks, one of which is very mystifying. He has his thumbs securely bound together by two strangers, invited upon the stage, and after exhibiting his thumbs thus securely tied, and also passing two common wooden clogs round for inspection, he mysteriously and instantaneously passes the thumbs over each arm, still showing his thumbs securely tied. It is a bewildering feat, and starts one thinking. The Oriental, with the assistance of his troupe, in a few more magical diversions closes the show.

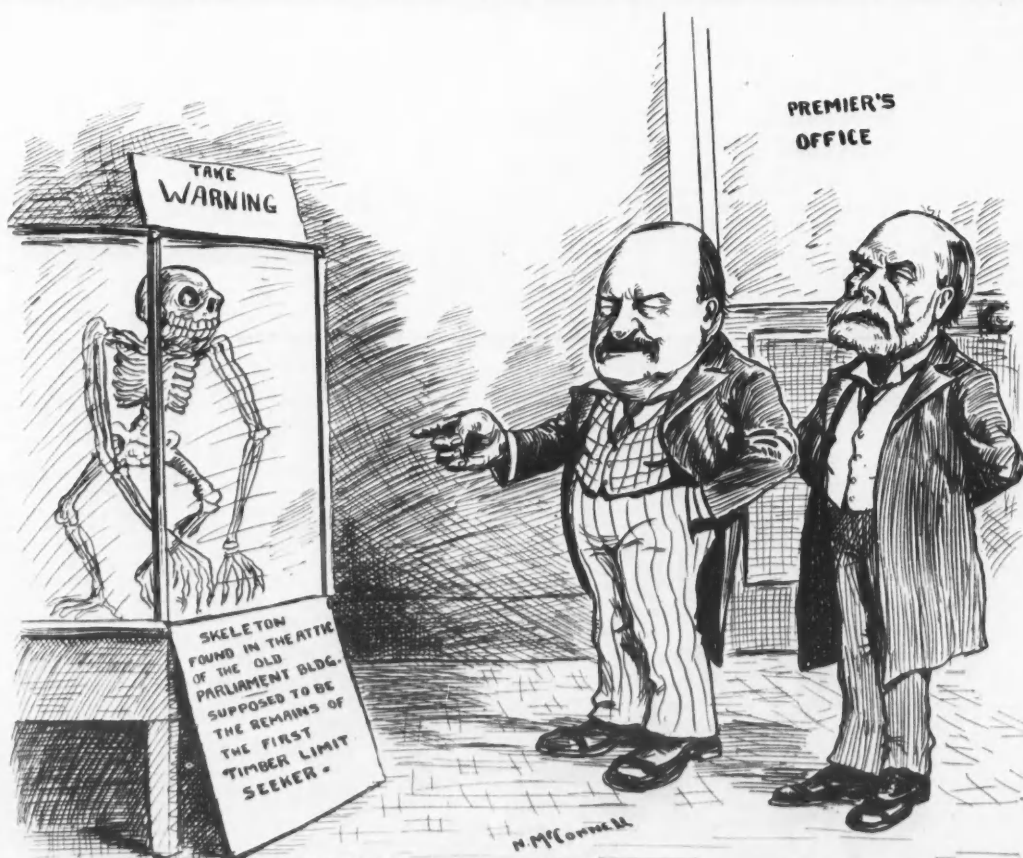
This year the chorus girl is put to the front more prominently than ever before in the theatrical history. Each big attraction seeks to have a larger and handsomer chorus than the other. Fiddle-Dee-Dee, which will come to Shea's Theater next week, has a chorus that is envied by many other managers. The girls are pretty, shapely, good dancers and have excellent voices. Their costumes are new and the pride of the costumer. The music and songs are catchy and the show is one of the best on the road this year. Fiddle-Dee-Dee had a run of nine months at Weber & Fields' Broadway Music Hall in New York, and duplicated that success in Buffalo for twenty consecutive weeks. On the road this year it is proving one of the best drawing cards of the season, and the people are turned away from the doors of the theater nightly. Rice and Cady, two clever

German comedians, are playing the principal character parts and their work has won praise in many cities. John G. Sparks, as Ignatius McSorley, contributes considerable comedy to the piece with his ready Irish wit. A very beautiful woman is Henrietta Lee, who, as Mrs. Meadowbrook, a wealthy widow, gets several opportunities to display the voice which has won her a prominent place on the operatic stage. Charles P. Morrison as Hoffman Barr has a good voice and shows it to advantage in duets with Miss Lee. Bobby North as the Hebrew helps the Germans in keeping up the fun. Dorothy Drew and a big chorus will be heard in Rosey Posey, which is one of the best singing hits ever written. The Cardownies Sisters and the News Boys' Quintette will be seen in their specialties. Be sure you see Fiddle-Dee-Dee, and get your seats early.

Theater-goers must not lose sight of vaudeville and the merry, merry chorus these days, for from the vaudevillians of to-day will come the star comedians of to-morrow, and from the chorus of the present may emerge the prima donnas of the future. Ward and Vokes, who come to the Grand Opera House next week with one of those entertainments which have made them famous as farceurs, are an example of what partnership, persistency and congeniality can do for the energetic vaudeville. They have been associated for eighteen years, and in all that time they have shared together whatever fell to their varying fortunes as a "team." The scene of their first triumphs was the famous "Old Bowery" in New York, from which so many of the comedians of to-day are graduates. In those days they did a black-face, knock-about "act" and received the munificent salary of twenty dollars jointly. "Happy" Ward says it was a good school, and tended to bring out any ambition a fellow might have. He became jealous of other "acts" who received larger salaries than he and Vokes and did no work, making their "hits" by telling stories and singing songs, so he set to work to devise something in which he and his partner could even sit down and still "make good." The result of this jealousy and envy of others was their famous "Percy and Harold" specialty, in which, as the two misfit tramps in a drawing-room, they sat at a table and told "gags" for thirty minutes, and kept their audiences screaming with laughter. The real success of their innovation may be judged from the actual run of over seven hundred performances at Tony Pastor's Theater in New York. This success naturally attracted the attention of managerial minds, and the characterizations were decided to possess merit enough upon which to found musical farce comedy. In 1893 they joined hands with Mr. E. D. Stair, who undertook their management in a vehicle called "A Run on the Bank," with a supporting company of eighteen people, and their success has been steady and pronounced, until to-day they head a company of fifty-five people. It is a coincidence that the two most successful organizations ever seen in this same style of entertainment, that headed by Evans and Hoyer, in "A Parlor Match," and Ward and Vokes in their many offerings, resulted in the stars marrying sisters, who were prominently a factor in the artistic success of the productions. Ward and Vokes having wed the famous Daly sisters and Evans and Hoyer the French twin sisters. "The Head Waiters," the present vehicle used by Ward and Vokes, was seen here two years ago, and proved a laughable frame upon which to hang the music and specialties which go to make up their style of entertainment. Since then, however, the fillings, the music, the costumes and the scenic embellishment have all been changed, and the present offering is brand-new to Torontonians. The principals with Ward and Vokes in this offering are Lucy Daly, Margaret Daly Vokes, Joe Kelly, Allan Curtis, Eddie Judge, Tony Williams, Louis Powers, Helen Norton, Josie Murray, Josie Daly, and the Tuxedo Ladies' Band. There is a large chorus of pretty girls and well-tailored young fellows to sing the varied musical programme, and from every point the theater-goer cares to look at "The Head Waiters" promises to be an enjoyable production of musical farce comedy in its best expression. The entire production will be under the stage management of Mr. Bert Wainwright, a Toronto boy.

As the months pass it becomes more and more apparent that "A Chinese Honeymoon" will be numbered as one of the few perennially popular musical plays. There are now two big companies, entirely equal in playing strength, appearing in it in only the very large cities of America. One company is just completing its second year at one theater in London, and two companies are touring with it in the English provinces. Another company is playing the large cities of Australia, making six companies playing in English-speaking countries. It is being translated into German, to be produced in that country and Austria, and early in the spring it is the intention to put it on for a long run in Paris. Its first visit here will occur the week after next, when Mr. Sheppard will have it at the Princess Theater.

"The Burgomaster," which has made a triumphant tour of one hundred straight weeks without a break, from the Atlantic to the Pacific coasts, has been secured by Manager Sheppard for production at the Princess Theater next week. There is not a doubt that this effervescent and musical travesty is one of the cleverest and most successful of its kind seen in this country in recent years. The company is a large one, numbering over fifty people, and includes a chorus of singing and dancing girls which are said to be a revelation of all that a chorus should be.



Jim Connee—If that be true, why that great length of arm?

G. W. Ross—That is caused by his trying to grab timber limits and water power at the same time, to the detriment of his political standing.

Church Music in Toronto.

WEST PRESBYTERIAN.

HERE has been a marked improvement in the musical services at West Presbyterian Church, Denison avenue, during the four years the present organist and choirmaster, Mr. W. F. Tasker, has had control. Last Sunday evening was the first occasion on which I had heard the choir for a period of three years, and their work gave satisfactory evidences of an honest and persistent endeavor to develop the musical service on more comprehensive lines than it was formerly possible to follow. With a purely voluntary choir and only one paid singer, Mrs. McGolpin, the soprano, and with an old-fashioned organ, creaky in its mechanism, the choir-master has had to contend against many difficulties in his attempt to raise the standard of the music. The choir is at present the largest and most efficient in the history of the church, numbering thirty-nine members, distributed as follows: Sopranos, 17; altos, 10; tenors, 4; basses, 8. The development I found most noticeable was in improved tonal quality, greater finish of details in light and shade, and general musical nuances, and a considerable advance in the difficult art of subdued singing. The choir-master is an ex-pupil of Dr. Torrington, and it was not, therefore, surprising to find that importance had been attached in his instruction to crispness and decision of enunciation of the words by the choir, an essential upon which Dr. Torrington has always insisted. The composition which demonstrated the improvement of the choir in the refinements of musical ensemble was Gounod's beautiful "Come Unto Him." The manner in which they sang within the subdued nuances of tone appropriate to the composition was most creditable and bore testimony to painstaking rehearsal. Only once, I remember, did the singers forget themselves in a too vigorous outburst. Making allowance for the limitations of the choir, its relative weakness in tenors, the effort compared favorably with what has been achieved with this same composition in several churches with more elaborate musical resources. The organist supported the singers with a slender accompaniment, simply because owing to the position of his seat he would have been unable otherwise to direct the music without beating time, a method which perhaps would have been too much in evidence for a Presbyterian congregation to approve of. Another number in which the choir acquitted themselves well was "I Will Feed My Flock," for chorus, quartette and bass solo. Without being pretentious or complicated in structure, the music, by Caleb Simper, is acceptable in its simple directness, naivness of style and tunelessness. The quartette consisted of Mrs. McGolpin, soprano; Miss Alice Halls, alto; Mr. C. S. Crabtree, tenor, and Mr. W. H. Rines, baritone. The solo and quartette parts contrasted effectively with the chorus. The solo was sung carefully and with a good vocal quality of tone, and in the quartette the voices blended smoothly and the general accuracy of the intonation was well sustained. Miss Alice Halls, a contralto with an engaging quality of voice, sang earlier in the evening L. C. Coffman's "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," in which she showed natural instinct for musical expression, besides enunciating the words with appropriate regard for their significance. Mr. Charles Crabtree, a tenor with a voice which, if not large, is sweet and, so far as one may judge from the selection, even in character, sang Gounod's "Benedictus" from the "Messe Solennelle" with appreciative regard for the music. He kept his voice well under control, and it carried to the congregation with a soft and mellow effect. The organist's numbers were Beaumont's "Berceuse," Esloot's "Serenade," Sidney Beresford's "Melodie Religieuse," and G. H. Loud's "Marche Militaire." None of these has any special distinction, but probably Mr. Tasker thought it wise not to attempt a more ambitious selection with the instrument at his command. The congregational singing of the hymns reached the average standard in our churches, that is, it lacked fullness in the mass and breadth of support in the basses. Quite a large proportion of the men, I noted, were singing in unison or the octave with the sopranos. The choir is fairly well off for sopranos and altos, but with only eight basses and four tenors they cannot supply the firm foundation even when aided by the organ that is necessary for really inspiring congregational singing.

I am told by a member of the congregation that a paid quartette may be engaged in the near future, and that as a matter of fact the question has already been brought before the members of session. I can only say that with a satisfactory professional quartette, and with the retirement from the choir of a few members whose voices are lacking in musical quality, and who consequently adulterate the general tone, the church will have a choir that should be enabled to sing the services most efficiently. It is not improbable that any surplus of a legacy of \$1,000 bequeathed to the church that may be left after the necessary expenditure ordered for the carpeting and redecoration of the church, will be expended in bringing the organ console forward and rearranging the choir seats, so that the singers will be under the control of the choir-master, and also in fitting tubular pneumatic action to the instrument to replace the present old-fashioned tracker system, the rattling of which in piano numbers can be distinctly heard through the auditorium. It may be represented that with these improvements the evening services will be inconveniently crowded, which may cause the problem to present itself of how to increase a seating accommodation already taxed. This is a problem, however, that may be left to take care of itself till the necessity of solving it arises. I have forgotten to mention that the quartette of solo voices heard on Sunday evening can be secured by the organist only on occasions. Mrs. McGolpin, the soprano, is the only regular soloist, and she has given satisfaction in that capacity to the congregation.

While the present repertoire of music at the church reveals an eclectic taste on the part of the organist, it is necessarily limited in scope. There are many beautiful church compositions which cannot be well rendered without a solo quartette, and these Mr. Tasker wisely does not attempt. It is not hazardous too much to express the opinion that if the improvements talked of before the sessions are carried out, and the choir is reconstructed to the degree I have suggested, not only will the dignity of the choir service be raised to a higher level, but there will also be an uplifting in the character of the congregational singing—the one, as a rule, "being the necessary consequence of the other." The congregation is, I understand, not a rich one, but I fancy that the expenditure involved in the reforms suggested would soon be met by increased collections at the vesper services.

Mr. Dooley on Generosity.

Whin a man begins makin' money in his youth at anny-thing but games iv chance, he niver can become gin'rous late in life. He may make a buff at it. Some men are gin'rous with a crutch. Some men get the use of their gin'rosity back suddenly whin they ar-re in danger. Whin Clancy the miser was caught in a fire in th' Halsted Street Palace Hotel he howled fr'm a window: "I'll give twenty dollars to annywan that'll take me down." Cap'n Minehan put up a ladder an' climbed to him an' carrid him to the street. Half-way down th' ladder th' brave rayscooter was seen to be chokin' his helpless burthen. We discovered afterwards that Clancy had thried to begin negotiations to rayjoocce th' reward to five dollars. His gin'rosity had become suddenly par'lyzed again. So if ye'd stay gin'rous to th' end niver lave ye'er gin'rosity idle too long. Don't run it ivry hour at th' top iv its speed, but fr'm day to day give it a little gntle exercise to keep it supple an' hearty an' in due time ye may injye it.—From "Observations by Mr. Dooley."

SOLDIERING IN TORONTO.

A Glimpse Into Life at Stanley Barracks.

By CHARLES LEWIS SHAW.

SOME day there will be another big row, and then the romance of war will die. Cervantes laughed the knight-errant of old out of Europe. A man with any sense of the ridiculous couldn't read "Don Quixote" and then go forth clad in a sober mind and a suit of hardware and hunt carelessly around the countryside for trouble in a general sort of way. Another businesslike khaki-clad war and the gorgeous hussar and the b-plumed Life Guardsmen will be laughed at if they put their "war paint" on only in time of peace. And it is going to be "all day" with the fuss and feathers of militarism when they are not taken seriously. But soldiering has not gone out yet. A few picked corps of skilled scientists will not be floating around in the atmosphere this year or the next in balloons laden with lyddite and dynamite, ready to keep the peace of the world by blowing the prominent features of the country off the face of the map. We will have Colonel Sam Hughes yet a while and Stanley Barracks will still be an interesting place to trot around on Sunday afternoons, and we can take Colonel Otter about one-tenth as seriously as he takes himself. This idea hasn't got inside the walls of Stanley Barracks yet, but it will get there. It takes time to get through a shako or a forage cap the idea that the world is moving pending the development of trouble in the Balkans. Not that the soldier hasn't ideas, but he stiffens them with pipe-clay before he brings them out for inspection. Take an afternoon off some day and get introduced into Stanley Barracks—it doesn't make much difference whether it is at the officers' mess, the sergeants' mess, or the canteen—you will find yourself in another little world with men whose point of view is as far away from yours as the poles are apart.

"Oh, you're not a bloomin' civvy," said the sergeant of the guard the day I entered for the first time the big gate of Stanley Barracks to perfect myself in the art of arms preparatory to devoting my services to any languishing liberty-seeking country in South America or the East that might long for my services. "Oh, you belong to one of them 'ere country battalions and want to take a course. All you got to do is to touch the button and we'll do the rest. The canteen's over this way, if you'll wait a minute till the guard's relieved." I did, and the button was touched.

When you see a smart, swaggering dragoon or infantryman of the Canadian regulars making a bright speck of color on King street, and look at the smoothly shaven cheek, you should not run away with the idea that it is all beer and skittles at the Fort. Barrack life is essentially made up of attention to details. Another man is paid a nice large salary for attending to matters in the lumpy. I knew an old soldier that had arranged the question of detail down so fine that he could get drunk three times a day, and he never saw the inside of a guard-room except when on duty. The only thing that confused him was the difficulty of making out "who was who" when he saw two commanding officers at the same time. The military rule of looking straight to your front has advantages.

The officers' quarters at Stanley Barracks are interesting to the officer from the rural battalion who has been attached for a course in order to qualify for a commission. He stretches his legs on the mess sofas, glances into the mirrors, and for a while tries to realize himself a Charles O'Malley. He is disillusioned, but the social training of the mess doesn't do him any harm. Hazing is practically unknown, but a man who goes in for a short or long course feels very quickly that he has to learn to keep off the grass without the notices being printed in capitals. If he doesn't he is taught. The course is a good one for the man as well as the soldier part of him. Now that Colonel Buchanan is in command there is just as little frivolous nonsense and side as a military institution could get along with. There was a time, "when the regulars were here," in the phrase of the old Torontonians, when many of the drawing-rooms of Toronto were the loafing-rooms of the gay young British officers, and there are several men beyond middle age who are bachelors to this day on account of the "scarlet fever" so prevalent among the ladies of garrison towns. There was a time when mistresses forbade their maids "keeping company" with the dangerous red-coats, and when the road to Barracks across Garrison Commons was embroidered with young women waiting for evening strolls with soldier sweethearts. It may be that the kindness of the feminine heart for Tommy is just as strong as it was in other days, but Tommy is emphatically not a marrying man, and this is a practical age. If a man in the Royal Canadian Regiment, however, desires to get married, and desires it badly, he can, if he is of good character and there are not too many others married. His wife is placed on the strength of the regiment, is provided with quarters, and draws rations. Those that are married and are on the strength are almost all non-commissioned officers.

"Soldier, will you work?" is a derisive civilian taunt hurled at Tommy Atkins wherever "the bugle is blown." Now, Tommy has probably less idle time on his hands than any other man of his class. His hours are devoted to an endless attention to details insignificant in themselves, but necessary to the well-being, health, appearance and discipline of the corps. Much of the "pipe-clay" of old is being removed from barrack life. Lord Roberts, old-fashioned soldier though he is, knows things, and Colonel Buchanan is a Canadian who understands his business and his men. Lord Dundonald is the leader of the new school of military thought, and the old "haw-haw" superciliousness of militarism is going out. You see, the Boers were fairly good shots.

The Canadian is not the dominant influence in the rank and file. Old Countrymen who have found the pace too fast in a new country or have a taste for the freedom from worry of the hum-drum life of the barracks, largely make up the rank and file of the Royal Canadian Regiment and the Dragoons. Canadians do not lend themselves to the sometimes galling restraint of military life in time of peace. The goose-step is not looked upon now as essentially necessary to the preservation of the British Empire as it was in other days. Squad drill, with the heart-breaking worrying of the drill-sergeant, is deprived of a good deal of its horrors to the recruit. Great, big, sensible men are not kept prancing around at the beck and call of some flegling subaltern. An empty woodshed is not guarded with that eternal vigilance as if the whole United States army was going to move across the lake during the night and sack it of its emptiness. The discipline and drill at Stanley Barracks under the distinctly humane control of Colonel Buchanan has got to be a matter of common-sense derived from his knowledge of the fact "that the world do move." There can hardly be a garrison in the British Empire whose members come in conflict with the civilian life surrounding them less than the little garrison at Stanley Barracks. The course I took at Stanley Barracks taught me many things besides military drill and tactics. The human being beneath the red tunic can only be known by the man who wears one himself, or one with the genius of a Kipling.

I stood on the high shore of Lake Ontario within the Fort, as it is called, the night before I got my discharge, and looked out over the waves as if looking into the unknown world I was about to enter beyond the sea. "So you're goin' with the Turks, Chumme?" said the old soldier by my side, who had seen service with the meteor flag of England in many lands. "Well, all I'm tellin' you is, for I know them farmers and I know them Turks in the Crimea, don't you run away with the idea that drill amounts to everything or that it doesn't amount to nothing." It wants to be diversified. Most men that go into the army would lose themselves without it. What you want to do is exercise your judgment first and your drill afterwards. You'll get

killed, anyway, some time or other. Hanged if I don't wish I was going with you."

And at that moment the sun went down into the lake in the glory of a Canadian sunset, the bugles sang out the tattoo, and I know he felt the intense longing that every soldier must feel in barracks—the desire to be a free-acting, free-thinking member of the great, big, throbbing world once more.

A Walk in February.

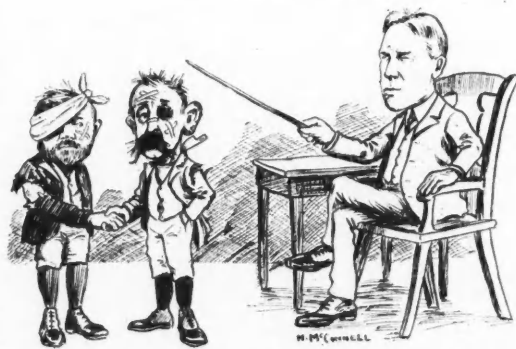
THESE mild February days have almost a presage of spring in them—the open river, the cawing of a crow and a certain feeling in the air tells us without need of calendar or almanac that though we may still expect cold weather the earth's rest is nearly over.

The great mother has many secrets to disclose to her followers, even at this season, though we must put forth a conscious effort and "lift our earthward eyes to see, and open our dull ears to hear," for we cannot at once accustom ourselves to the wonder and stillness of the woods.

Walking by a little stream that is winding its way by snow and ice, we can hear through "the still sound of falling waters" a voice like silver bells. We listen—yes! there it is again! And high up on a pine tree we discern the kinglet, a tiny bird that stays with us all year around, except in the hottest weather, when it makes its way farther north. A number of chickadees are sending their call through the snow-clad woods. Chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee they cry. Now a new noise attracts our attention. We answer back, and soon Mr. Squirrel is deep in conversation with us; the talk is very one-sided, for he chatters and scolds all the time, emitting now and again a strange cry. He is a queer little ventriloquist, causing us to think a number of times that he must have several brothers thereabouts. Further down the road the silence is disturbed again by a downy woodpecker, and on a near tree a nuthatch is hammering. When one sees the tiny birds, measuring each, from the tip of the bill to the end of the tail, about four inches, one wonders at the amount of noise they make with their straight, hard little bills. Crossing to the left of a marsh we notice the snow intersected by hundreds of mouse-runs. An old haw tree towards which many of the runs converge is a veritable curiosity, for bark and wood have been chewed away from the lower branches and trunk—it has been the winter feed-house for a whole army of field-mice. The mice are indeed under our very feet, but it takes a sharp eye to note them as they whisk away out of sight.

We go on, making circuit and detour, trying all the time to determine the sounds that come to us through the solemn stillness, now a hawk's cry and again a flock of goldfinches. Or perhaps we make guesses as to who were the inmates of the various nests we see—this one belonged to a bluebird; that one, high in the pine tree, is owned by a grey squirrel. Unless you have tried to cultivate this habit of observation you will not appreciate the infinitely greater amount of pleasure there is in such a ramble than in a walk for the mere sake of walking.

GLADYS BACON.



Chairman Godfrey—Now, Jimmie Hughes and Willie Chapman, let me see you shake hands and be good.

The Man with a Pull.

There are men who are always howling that Bill Smith was promoted because he had a pull, and that they are being held down because the manager is jealous of them. I've seen a good many pulls in my time, but I never saw one strong enough to lift a man any higher than he could raise himself by his bootstraps, or long enough to reach through the cashier's window for more money than his own earned. When a fellow brags that he has a pull, he's a liar or his employer's a fool. And when a fellow whines that he's being held down, the truth is, as a general thing, that his boss can't hold him up. He just picks a nice, soft spot, stretches out flat on his back, and yells that some heartless brute has knocked him down and is sitting on his chest. A good man is as full of bounce as a cat with a small boy and a bull terrier after him.—From "Letters of a Self-made Merchant to His Son."

The snow falls alike on the sidewalk of the just and the unjust, even as the just and the unjust alike slip and measure themselves gracefully on the sidewalk upon which the snow falls.—Judge.



Won't somebody chase him off?



Embers.

(After the unpublished painting by Eastman Johnson.)

A reader of the "Critic" who modestly hides his identity behind the initials R. S. C., sends the following verses entitled "Embers," inspired by the illustration from the painting by Eastman Johnson, shown above:

He sits by the hearth and the fire is low,
And his thoughts are all of the Long Ago;
When he was comely and straight and tall,
The pride of his kindred, and loved by all.
Loved? Ah, yes, but loved by one
Who was dearer than all,—whom he loved and won.
Patient and loving and gentle was Ruth:
But Death was his rival—she died in her youth;
And the babe that she bore him, he died too;
His years are so many, and hers were so few;
But Love lends warmth to the fading embers,
Youth may forget, but Age remembers.

[Old Man, Inquirer.]

"And what is life when we've reached fourscore?
Embers, Embers and nothing more!
'Ashes to Ashes,'—that's what they say
When the end is come, and we're laid away.
Dust and Ashes, Ashes and Dust.
That's what we come to, and die we must.
A life beyond?—well, yes, in truth
That were a boon, for I might see Ruth:
Ruth as she was, and mine to keep:
For short of that I would rather sleep.
Or sit as now by the dying embers:
Musing on her:—ah, Age remembers!"

R. S. C.

Canadian Curlers Indignant.

On Thursday evening, 5th inst., after curling, the Walkerton Curling Club met to give public expression to their opinion in regard to the action of the Toronto Presbytery in censuring the Scotch curlers for their visit to Niagara on Sunday. The following resolution, which has been sent to "Saturday Night" for publication, was unanimously adopted:

"The Walkerton Curling Club asserts its sense of the importance of proper observance of the laws of courtesy while entertaining guests from a foreign country, and hereby records its protest against the impertinence of the Toronto Presbytery. Such a lack of decency as was shown by that body cannot fail to do us much harm abroad and make most of us at home feel very mean. This club is of the opinion that it was no business of the reverend gentlemen what the Scotch curlers, who are not members of their congregations, did on Sunday or any other day, so long as they did not contravene the law of the land. The Scotch curlers came from a country where the Sabbath is observed with more sanctity than in any other country in the world, and we do not doubt that the gentlemen themselves belong to the best citizens of that country. We make this resolution public, believing it to be due to the Scotch curlers and also to the broad-minded and common-sense spirit which predominates among the Canadian people."

The Flame.

How like to life is the smoldering fire:
Ever one flame leaps higher, higher—
Trying to blaze, though its fuel is gone,
Till the glow of the night is the dust of the morn.
—CLARENCE REED.

He that would have an oyster from the soup must have a long spoon, a stout heart and the eye of faith.—Judge.

Society at the Capital.

THE past week has been an exceptionally fortunate one in the way of fine weather, and the Rideau Rink has been very largely patronized. This year the management has arranged to have the band play three times a week in the mornings, which is highly appreciated by all the young people, especially those who have been practising to take part in Lady Minto's skating competition, which came off on Monday, February 9th. It was a great disappointment that the competition was given in the form of a skating party, and was, therefore, by invitation, as a great many were debarred from witnessing it who are very much interested in skating but are not "going out" this winter. The competition for Lady Minto's prize began in the afternoon at four o'clock with the singles, in which the thirteen ladies taking part were Miss Lemoine, Miss Gladys Irwin, Miss Ewan of Montreal, Miss Amy Haycock, Lady Ruby Elliot, Miss Mary Scott, Miss Eileen Clemow, Mrs. W. H. Burns, Miss Crombie, Miss Geddes, and the Misses Grace, Amy and Elsie Ritchie. In this contest Miss Amy Ritchie came out the winner, with Miss Grace Ritchie and Miss Eileen Clemow, who were tied, second. In the evening competition for His Excellency's prize, which was a "hand-in-hand" contest, there were six couples taking part. There were seven figures on the programme, the first four of which each couple was required to skate as arranged, but the latter three were "according to the taste and fancy" of the skaters. Lady Eileen Elliot had for her partner Captain Bowdler, R.E. Lady Ruby skated with Mr. O. Haycock, and the others were: Miss Amy Ritchie and Mr. J. Smellie, Miss Lemoine and Mr. Fred Anderson, Miss Grace Ritchie and Mr. Appleton, and Miss Elsie Ritchie and Mr. Sam McDougall. In this competition Lady Eileen Elliot and Captain Bowdler were awarded the prize, Lady Ruby Elliot and Mr. O. Haycock scoring a tie with them, and Miss Amy Ritchie with Mr. J. Smellie came second. The judges for the "singles" were Mr. Aylwin Creighton and Captain Bowdler, but in the evening contest Captain Bowdler gave place to Mr. Meagher, as the former was one of the competitors. The skating of Miss Lemoine was especially well received among the contestants, and she was applauded continually throughout the evening. At the close of the programme everyone went upstairs to the tea-room, which was beautifully decorated with Chinese lanterns, smilax and daffodils, where hot refreshments were served, and all agreed that the competition had been one of the most enjoyable affairs of the season. The ice was in excellent condition, and it was a perfect evening as regards weather.

There was no skating party at Government House on Saturday, as Lord and Lady Minto went to Montreal to see the races, and also the hockey match, returning the following day. However, the disappointment was made up for, as the Countess invited several young people to Rideau Hall on Thursday to a small and informal skating party.

Cards are out for another entertainment of this kind, which is to be given at Rideau Rink by Lady Borden on Monday evening, February 16th. As the skating season will not last very many weeks longer, everybody is making the most of the present good condition of the ice, and a skating party is an assured success, especially at the Rideau Rink, where the arrangements for this popular mode of entertainment are perfect. Monday evenings are set apart by the management for private parties of this kind.

Ottawa is an attractive city to visit at all times, but particularly in the winter, as shown by the many visitors who, notwithstanding that the gaieties of the Session have not yet begun, are already beginning to arrive. The past week has brought us, among others, Miss Hendry of Kingston, who is with Mrs. Allan Gilmour, Metcalfe street; Miss Florence Blaikie of Toronto, who has come to pay her friend, Miss Coates of Cartier street, a visit, and Miss Ewan of Montreal, who is staying with the Misses Sparks. Miss Ewan's graceful skating has been very much admired, and she is considered by many to be one of the best skaters in Ottawa at present.

Mrs. Coates has sent out cards for an At Home in honor of Miss Florence Blaikie. Mrs. John Gilmour gave a tea on Tuesday afternoon in honor of all the "girl" visitors in Ottawa. There was quite a strong contingent from Toronto there. Needless to say, it was a most enjoyable one, as Mrs. Gilmour's entertainments always are.

Luncheons have again been the order of the day during the past week, the hostesses having been Mrs. W. G. Perley, who gave a married ladies' lunch on Thursday; Mrs. A. W. Fleck, who chose Friday for hers, and Mrs. O'Halloran, who also entertained in this way on Thursday. Mrs. Kohl also gave a very jolly lunch on Thursday in honor of her guest, Miss Hale of Brantford, and Mrs. Cockburn Clemow gave an equally enjoyable one on Wednesday for Miss Naomi Temple. Another of the week's entertainments given for Miss Hale was a tea on Friday, when Mrs. Fred Carling was the hostess.

Mrs. Courtney's At Home on Wednesday was one of the largest of the season, and in spite of the very wet and disagreeable afternoon, Mrs. Courtney's cheerful rooms were filled with Ottawa's elite, as well as a great many of the visitors in Ottawa at present. The decorations of white tulips were extremely pretty and much admired. Other teas were given during the week by Mrs. Irwin, when Miss Kathleen Cassels of Toronto was the guest of honor, it being essentially a young people's tea; Miss Caddy, who has her cousin, Mrs. Young of Burlington, staying with her, and Mrs. George H. Perley, who selected Saturday as her day for entertaining. Lady Cartwright also gave a tea on the latter afternoon in honor of her visitor from Montreal, Miss Alice McLimont.

One of the larger events of the week was Mrs. Thomas White's At Home on Thursday, at which Mrs. Morris of Collingwood sang most charmingly. Mrs. Morris is Mrs. White's guest, and her many friends in Ottawa are delighted to have the opportunity of welcoming her back to the Capital, Ottawa having been her former home. Several out-of-town visitors were at Mrs. White's, among those from Toronto being Miss Sybil Seymour, Miss Temple, Miss Atkin and Mrs. Charlie McInnes.

Lady Davies varied the monotony of the week's festivities by giving a charming musicale on Friday evening, at which Mr. Morris of Montreal played the piano beautifully, his performances being all the more interesting as they were of his own composition. Mrs. Lyons Biggar also played charmingly and Miss Kathleen O'Hara sang most sweetly.

Mr. and Mrs. Easson of New Glasgow, N.S., have come to Ottawa, and are at present in apartments. Mr. Easson has replaced Mr. W. H. Burns as manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia. Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Flint have also arrived in Ottawa for the Session. We are also getting our share of United States visitors, among the number this week being Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Lilly of Waterbury, Conn., who are the guests of Colonel and Mrs. Turner. Mr. Lilly is a Congressman at Washington.

A very jolly driving party was given by Miss Thistle on Saturday afternoon last, and the weather was as if ordered for the occasion. Four members of the party rode, and all partook of tea at an Avlmer hotel, returning to town early in the evening, in time for dinner. Miss Naomi Temple and Miss Kathleen Cassels of Toronto were of the party.

There are to be several dances in the near future to which all the elite are looking forward as a very welcome change to the monotony of teas and luncheons. Those for which cards are out are Mrs. W. J. Anderson's on Thursday evening, and a small one at Government House on Wednesday. The graduates of Toronto University who are at present living in Ottawa intend giving a large ball on the 14th of this month.

THE CHAPERONE.

A San Francisco paper announces that "The Kilties" Band, the famous Gordon Highlanders of Canada, with headquarters at Beelville, Hamilton County, will give a week of concerts at the Alhambra Theater, beginning on Monday afternoon, February 23rd. This is rich.

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Anecdotal.

When the late "Tom" Reed was first talked of for the Presidency, he was asked if he thought the party would put him in nomination. His reply was: "They might do worse—and I think they will."

To a group of friends Ellen Terry once said: "Acting is not like drawing. You make a line. If it is wrong, you rub it out at once and make another. With acting that is impossible; there is no altering—it must stand. I often feel as if I must cry to the audience, 'O that is wrong, not as I meant it to be! Let me act that part or sentence over again!'"

A certain learned professor in a German university has a learned twin brother, living in the same town, who resembles him so closely that it is almost impossible to tell them apart. A townsman meeting the professor on the boulevard stopped him, saying: "Pardon me, but is it you or your brother that I have the honor of speaking?" "Sir," was the ready reply, "you are speaking to my brother."

In a Southern state the other day a gentleman, who was waiting for his train at a country station, asked a porter who was lying on one of the seats where the station-master lived, and the porter lazily pointed to the house with his foot. The gentleman, very much struck at the man's laziness, said: "If you can show me a lazier action than that, my good man, I'll give you two bits." The porter, not moving an inch, replied: "Put it in my pocket, guv'nor."

Among the stories that most amused the late Queen, who had a keen sense of humor, was that told her by the late Duchess of Athole "of the comical advertisement regarding the Dunkeld and Blairgowrie coach, which was posted in the village of Dunkeld. The coach was named 'The Duchess of Athole,' and the inn from which it started was 'The Duke's Arms.' The notice ran as follows: 'The Duchess of Athole leaves the Duke's Arms every lawful morning at six o'clock!'"

In her reminiscences, Henriette Cock-

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ran relates an amusing anecdote of Robert Browning. She relates that as she sat in the drawing-room of her London house one afternoon, she happened to look out of the back window. "And there," she says, "I saw Mr. Browning nursing a goose, absolutely carrying it in his arms. The poet came into the hall with the goose. I laughed, remarking that it was a queer kind of pet. 'It is so clever and affectionate,' answered Mr. Browning; 'it is not well, so I am looking after it. It follows me about just like a dog.'"

Bishop Watterson tells a story of how he was once taken for a "drummer" by a traveling salesman who was riding on the same train. "What house do you represent?" he was asked. "Lord & Church," replied the bishop. "What?" mused the drummer; "never heard of it. Any branch house?" "Branch houses all over the world," said the man of God, easily. "That's queer!" went on the drummer, who began to think he had run across a boastful representative of some small concern. "Er—boots and shoes?" "No," said the bishop. "Dry goods?" asked the drummer, beginning to display irritation. "Well, no," said the bishop, "some folks call 'em notions."

They tell this story of Lord Charles Beresford and Sir Frederick Treves, the King's physician: Lord Charles fell ill, and Sir Frederick was called to his bedside. "Tell me," said Sir Frederick, "you have a symptom." The other said he had a symptom. "An ache there and a stiffness somewhere else. And to each of these announcements the physician exclaimed, chuckling delightedly: 'Excellent!' 'Charming!' 'Splendid!' When Lord Charles had concluded the enumeration of his troubles, Sir Frederick slapped him heartily upon the back and cried in a bold, gay voice: "My dear fellow, let me congratulate you. You have the rarest disease of the century. You have, you lucky dog, a disease that heretofore was thought to be extinct."

Atkins Lawrence, in recalling his appearances with Mary Anderson, when she was a youthful aspirant for stardom in the East, says: "I was getting a little stout in those days, even though I was a young fellow, and, as Claude Melnotte, I had a vest that I had supplied with three powerful buckles in the back. These I would draw as tightly as possible to make myself slim. One night I had just finished my description of my palace, and knelt down to say: 'Likest thou the picture, Pauline?' when suddenly all three of the buckles gave way with a snap that set the people in the orchestra tittering. 'What's the matter, Atkins?' Mary Anderson said, in a stage whisper. 'My vest buckles have broken,' I answered. 'That's all right,' she replied, 'I was afraid it was your suspender.'"

In his autobiography, "Citizen" George Francis Train says Emerson has had more influence on his life than any other man in the world. Here is his account of how he met the author under rather peculiar circumstances: "One day a gentleman, looking like a farmer, came into the office and asked to see Mr. Train. I remembered that it was the fifth of October, 1847. I replied to this question that my name was Train. 'I mean the old gentleman,' he said. I told him that Colonel Train was out of the office at the time, but as I had charge of the ships, I might be able to attend to his business. I added that I was extremely busy, as the 'Washington Irving' was to sail in an hour. 'That is just what I am here for,' said he. 'I want to sail on this ship; I want passage for England.' I told him there was but one stateroom left, and that he could have both berths for the price of one—\$75—but that everything was ready, and the ship was waiting for final orders. He said he was ready, and I started to fill out a passenger slip. 'What is your name?' I asked. 'Ralph Waldo Emerson,' he replied. Then he took out of his pocket an old wallet, with twine wrapped around it four or five times, opened it carefully, and counted out \$75. I could not wait to see whether it was correct, but threw it in the drawer and took him on board. Mr. Emerson was then starting on his famous visit to England, during which he was to visit Carlyle."

The Value of Charcoal.

Few People Know How Useful it is in Preserving Health and Beauty.

Nearly everybody knows that charcoal is the safest and most efficient disinfectant and purifier in nature, but few realize its value when taken into the human system for the same cleansing purpose.

Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better; it is not a drug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines and carries them out of the system.

Charcoal sweetens the breath after eating, drinking or after eating onions and other odorous vegetables.

Charcoal effectually clears and improves the complexion; it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic.

It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the stomach and bowels; it disinfects the mouth and throat from the poison of catarrh.

All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered willow charcoal, and other harmless antiseptics in tablet form, or rather in the form of large, pleasant-tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath and purer blood, and the beauty of it is that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but, on the contrary, great benefit.

A Buffalo physician, in speaking of the benefits of charcoal, says: "I advise Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefited by the daily use of them; they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and although in some sense a patent preparation, yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."



An Acute Situation. A Canadian Girl Speculator. One of her Days.

I HAVE received a circular from the National Sanitarium Association of Canada containing a statement of urgent need of funds to square their indebtedness and further extend the accommodation for consumptives at the Gravenhurst, Fred Hospital. They seem to want fifty thousand dollars to relieve the situation, and it is not necessary in this enlightened age to say that they should certainly get it. Twenty Canadians have been received absolutely free of charge, and many others only partly paid for by friends or municipalities. To keep one hundred patients for one year costs \$31,200. Consequently there's a gap which the generous, humane and sympathetic public is requested to make whole. As the secretary seems to wish the need laid before the Canadian people this may find some one who will be moved to contribute. Chief Justice Sir William Meredith, W. J. Gage and J. S. Robertson's (secretary) names are signed to the statement and appeal before me.

A girl from Gotham told me some of her experiences in speculation the other day which made me stare a bit. She isn't a rich girl, but has always managed to have a good time out of life in the true Bohemian or Christian spirit, which "takes no thought for the morrow." And we've always been dear chums. She was bitten at first by the gambling microbe just for fun, and she won a little bit of money. Then she drew out her investments, sold her bonds, or whatever brought in her small income, and began speculating. Before long she was a steady winner, and her bank account was nearly into two figures in the thousands. It seemed a good deal for a girl, just a pretty, pleasant Toronto girl to have at her call. One day she bought a lovely old Turkish rug, for she felt rich enough to own one at last. Then she went down to her broker's office, and hung about with several women, a rich young Jewess among them, waiting for something good to turn up. She spent an hour or two days among brokers and tickers and eager, foolish, speculating women. On this day the young Jewess, who was wealthy and a born gambler, said: "See here, I'm going to do something on my own hook. I'll take some of this." And duly the girl also took some of that, and they waited three hours, and each hauled off two hundred and fifty dollars. Then the girl grew hilarious and went after a champagne like (I wish I'd been in New York that day!), and suggested that they two celebrate by going to that weird resort, Coney Island.

They went, and had an automobile to do the place, and a champagne dinner and everything the most expensive and luxurious, and then they came home and gloated over the rug. 'Twas a great day for Galway! When my girl called in at her broker's next day it was something of a cold shower-bath to hear that a couple of her thousands had gone up in smoke. I can't remember the details, but it was lost. Then began her punishment, and drop by drop her fortune of riches leaked away, and her face grew haggard and she could not sleep, and at last only one thousand of all her fortune remained. Luck had left her, scandalized no doubt by that trip to Coney Island. She haunted her broker's office, mute, distracted, almost insane. "Sir, not pluck!" said the broker, as she lay down after loss with silent and stern repression. When that broker ruled the other women out of his office he let my girl remain. The others had accused him, reviled him, and lost manners and sense with their money. But the girl who went to Coney Island sat mute and miserable as, day by day, she dropped on and heard the whole disastrous tale, and listened, and paused a moment in horror, and then shrieked with laughter. "One Turkish rug, four thousand; one trip to Coney Island, six thousand—oh, Lord!" said the chum, who probably saw no use in bewailing things that had fled. And the two of them laughed till they cried over the fortune that was represented by the rug and the day at Coney Island. And I am sorry to confess that I also laughed, for some time, too, and to cry over, and at all events, there was the rug and the trip to Coney Island! "And I've had my lesson," sighed the girl from Toronto, wiping the tears of mirth from her sweet, merry eyes. "You'll never know how awful those weeks were. I'd be plucky down town, and go home and cry all night long, and then next day I couldn't keep away. But I was plucky, and they let me stay when they ruled all the other women off. And then, we had a good day at Coney Island, and there's the Turkish rug! But I'd never want to suffer so again, even to make a million!"

People do sometimes say queer things to one another. A bride from an Eastern city was receiving a call from an old Scotch lady one day, and the chat veered round to the reasons some persons gave for marrying. "And I was informed," said the caller, "that you were afraid of the smallpox and wanted to get away from Montreal." The idea suggested that of two evils the bride had chosen the less, seemed funny in the extreme, as she related the remark to a select coterie.

The world is so full of funny people and happenings. The other day a little note came to me as follows: "Dear Lady—I shall be delighted to take luncheon with you at McConkey's on Tuesday at half-past one. So sweet of you to want a chat with me." It was a surprise, to say the least of it, as I had not asked anyone to luncheon. However, I was game for anything of that sort, and it was quite true that I did want a chat with the writer of the note, who is altogether lovely. So we rendezvoused in due course at the door and proceeded to our corner to chat and discuss luncheon. I had determined saying to myself that I had asked her, I got over the mental awkwardness, though a delicious tremor now and then seized me as to whether someone else was waiting for her below, or whether a telephone call might be agitating her household as to her whereabouts. Of course she found me out later on, when the other woman asked her whether her maid had ever given her

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the invitation which she had 'phoned. And she is talking of false pretenses and revenge, and the maid is "it," one woman believing her to be the most careless of domestics, while the other scolds her for jumping to conclusions on her fancied recognition of my voice.

"She has a hard life," sighed a woman, speaking of a lady of leisure. "In the morning she gets up languidly and bathes. That's the only thing she seems quite to enjoy. Then she breakfasts, and while doing so burdens her mind with trivialities from the daily papers. Then she reads her letters, looks over her invitations and answers her private telephone seven times. This rather tries her, because she is of a nervous temperament. Then she arranges at what hour, if the day be fine, she will require the carriage. Then she answers the telephone again, to make an appointment with her dressmaker, who wants her 'at once or not for a week.' She hurries into her coat and hat, and rings for a coupe, because she can't keep the horses waiting indefinitely. Then she goes to the dressmaker, and stands from eleven to one-thirty having things fitted and tried on. Then she takes a cup of coffee at the restaurant, and goes home in a car; countermands the carriage until further notice, being too fatigued to take luncheon; drinks a cup of bouillon and lies down to sleep. Has just dozed off when plumbers arrive to test the taps in her bathroom. This, of course, banishes any chance of repose. She calls up the coachman and orders the carriage at four (original order!), then hurries into her calling costume, makes a list of calls, pays them, and struggles through two teas, at which she has some claret and a sandwich, most of the claret being an external application. Returns home at half-past six to dinner, excited, hungry and tired. Eats a large dinner of varied rich and spicy foods, and rather hurries the service, not to be late for the opera. The play is worthy of attention, but she has a nervous headache, partly from fatigue and more from indigestion. Her shoulders are bare and chilly, and her corset is tight, and people remark on how fagged and ill-tempered she looks. She declines a supper invitation on the plea of fatigue, but is rallied by women and coaxed by men to accept it. She reaches home at one-thirty, dull and bored, cross and wearied, and tumbles out of her frock and into her bed with a bottle of smelling-salts in her hand. Yes, and when she sleeps she twitches and mit-

ters and dreams continually, and breathes in a fitful and distressed manner. This is one of her reasonably pleasant days. Yes, it's a hard life." LADY GAY.

Appendicitis.

The Terror of the Civilized World Caused by Dyspepsia—Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets the Preventive.

For some years past medical science has wrestled with the question "What Causes Appendicitis?" For years the question has remained unanswered. So eminent an authority as Dr. Sir James Crichton Brown has come forward with the answer, and that answer is "Indigestion." According to Sir James this strenuous age has spoiled men's teeth, while eating pulper foods has decreased their supply of saliva, and his decision is given as follows:

"The increase of Appendicitis is largely due to Indigestion resulting from imperfect mastication and the hurried methods of living."

Given that Indigestion is the cause of Appendicitis and the rest is easy. Get rid of the Indigestion and there is no further need to fear Appendicitis. And Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are a sure cure and preventive of Dyspepsia and Indigestion. They are expressly made to aid stomachs tired by the rush of this strenuous life. That they accomplish their purpose is proved by thousands who have tried them. Marie Ann Bulford of Marie Cap, Bonaventure, Quebec, is one of those.

"For two years my life was a burden," she says, "I could not eat the simplest food without a pain across my stomach till I commenced using Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. They gave me relief almost at once and finally completely cured me."

The Marvellous Methods of K.

WRITING in "Blackwood's," "Staff Officer" essays to convey to the civilian reader some conception of the methods that have brought to Kitchener the highest military reputation and success of any soldier of this generation. Amongst other things he says:

"The future biographer of Viscount Kitchener will experience many difficulties when he endeavors to trace the reconquest of the Sudan in the archives of the Egyptian War Office. None of our generals before Kitchener ever attempted, still less succeeded in attempting, to wage war without orders, without forms, without states or paper-asserie of any sort or kind."

Kitchener's office stationery consisted of a sheaf of telegraph-forms which he carried in his helmet and a pencil which he carried in his pocket—and that sufficed. Moreover, he seldom read an official letter, and never wrote one, and how much wear and tear was thereby saved let those say who have had the misfortune to serve under generals afflicted with the curse of penmanship. I do not offer it as a model for imitation, first, because Kitchener does not grow on every tree, and next, because the conditions of one campaign are never exactly reproduced in another. Even as it was, had anything happened to K., it would have taken Pall Mall and Cairo a few years to discover where and what the army was, and they would have been forced to resort to advertisements in the agony columns of the dervish newspapers to obtain elementary ideas on the subject.

Each commander of the units scattered all over that enormous strategic chessboard, from Cairo to Kassala and from Suakin to Korti, only knew, only was allowed to know, what he saw at the extremity of his sun-blistered nose. He had, say, four companies, a few camel corps orderlies, and so many days' supplies; he had an idea that Dick This or Harry The Other occupied a post or a well some hundreds of miles away; but whether the army had marched or fought, or won or had disappeared bod-

ily into the Great Beyond, he never knew, and had grown tired of trying to discover. Why should he know or care? K. looked after that, K. looked after everything; and the very moment that the last pair of boots was worn out and the last mouthful of grain was being issued to the cattle, down dropped, like manna from heaven, a fresh supply in the nick of time, coming from goodness knows where, by road or rail or river: down it was dumped, and with a word and a blow away went the transport to serve someone else, who also thought that if he did not die of ennui he could make a tolerable certainty of starvation—and was always disappointed. And then one fine day when he least expected it, and had come to reckon himself as a dead man out of mind, a few curt words came clicking off on the wires—"March in half an hour!" And he marched, and all the others marched, and everybody marched, until he woke on another fine morning at dawn to find he was with others, and that he and the others were the army. And how it was done he did not stop to enquire, was not indeed allowed time to ask, for all the news he got was to march again at dawn."

"This is the best stove in the market. It will save half your coal." "Is that so? Then give me two of them, so's I can save it all."—Chicago "Daily News."

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Here and there is a grocer who doesn't sell Windsor Salt, but such cases are rare. No grocer anywhere can possibly buy a better salt than "Windsor." In its great purity, whiteness, dryness, ask your grocer why he doesn't sell it.

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Manufacturers of the Celebrated...

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High Jinks Round the Throne.

Royal Ladies Claiming Divorce.

At present there are five royal European ladies who owe to the courts of law their escape from the thralldom of matrimony, but gossip says there are others about to join this select colony.

The oldest of the group is the ex-Princess of Monaco, better known as Lady Mary Douglas-Hamilton. Twenty years ago she and the present reigning prince, who had been married by their parents and found the enterprise a failure, made an appeal to the Pope and secured a divorce from the Roman Curia.

Queen Natalie of Serbia, another devout Catholic, was the next royal lady to ask for a divorce from her husband, King Milan. This time the Roman Curia did not come to her relief, but her divorce did not impair her good standing as a church member, and she got it in 1888.

Yet a third Catholic princess, her Royal Highness Louise of Belgium, has secured a divorce from her husband, Prince Philip of Coburg, and thereby has incurred the everlasting disapproval of her conventional if not immaculate old father, the present King of the Belgians.

So long as Queen Victoria lived not one of the royal Protestant families of Europe ever so slightly related to her dared hint at divorce as a solution of conjugal troubles. The Queen did not approve of divorce for anybody. She would not receive divorced women at her court, and she frankly announced that any in her family would be cut out of her will. Just as soon, however, as the Queen died two of her granddaughters immediately secured legal release from the bonds of wedlock. King Edward has an easy-going desire to see everybody happy, and because his nieces have found it impossible to get along comfortably with their husbands he thinks none the less of them for seeking peace in solitude.

PRINCESS WITH PUNCHING BAG.

The first member of the British royal family to ask for freedom was the Princess Arlbert of Anhalt. She is the second daughter of Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, who is King Edward's sister. She was married to Prince Arlbert of Anhalt in 1891; in 1900 her divorce was granted. Prince Arlbert is the third son of his father, who is a very small princeling among the miniature states of the German Empire. Princess Arlbert might have endured the dulness of country life in an antique German schloss, where economy is practised right down to the bone, and everybody goes to bed at the unearthly hour of 10 o'clock, if it had not been for her mother-in-law. In this case the mother-in-law was a lady of the extreme old German school of royal and feminine morals, manners and deportment, and Princess Arlbert, who represents the extreme new school of royal and feminine independence of thought and action, didn't hit it off with her elderly relative. Whenever she could she came to England for long visits among the richer and more liberal-minded members of her own family, and the strained relations between herself and her mother-in-law reached the snapping point after one of these absences. Princess Arlbert brought back to the schloss with her a pair of boxing gloves and a punching bag and set about getting up her muscle. This was a jar too great for the German ideas of what a woman and a princess should do, and as the husband in the case cravenly agreed with his mother that punching the bag was not a decent indulgence for the wife of a German prince, a family privately called. She has set up housekeeping in a cosy suite of apartments near London, and as her grandmother left her an adequate little fortune, she dwells in supreme comfort, keeps one lady companion, a smart carriage, and it is said, punches the bag at her own sweet will in a small gymnasium adjoining her bedroom, has a degree of liberty in speech and action that can only be enjoyed by a royal divorced woman, and is hungered and thirsted for by many of the younger set of princely ladies throughout Europe. That is to say, she goes shopping, calling, sight-seeing, and to the plays and concerts and the houses of her friends quite as freely as a private individual, and she goes unattended if she chooses.

PRINCESS WOULDN'T PICKLE PIG.

The Grand Duchess Victoria Melita of Hesse is another who legally separated from her husband as soon as her grandmother was dead. More than once Queen Victoria had been called upon to quell the rebellion of this gay, plucky and independent young granddaughter against conjugal and court discipline. The Grand Duchess has a will of her own. She is young, and while not pretty, is the most chic, witty, cultivated and ambitious young princess in Europe. At one time she and her cousin, Emperor William, were great good friends. As the smartest horsewoman in Germany, with a really masculine knowledge of military etiquette and tactics, he made her colonel of the 11th Infantry Regiment. Her uniforms fitted her to perfection, and at reviews, her breast glittering with orders, she paraded her regiment before the Emperor in a style that was beyond criticism. Besides these accomplishments the Duchess can tool a four-in-hand with reckless ease, finish and style. She dresses like a Parisian, speaks five languages, and swims like a duck. To the disgust of her husband, and the Lord Chamberlain of the Hessian court, none of her accomplishments can be described as domestic. As all the Hessian grand duchesses have known how to bake bread, knit stout stockings, conduct soap-boiling, and even superintend pig-killing with ability, it was easy to see that the housewife of the Duchy were being set a pretty bad example by her Highness. In vain the Duke forbade his wife to drive a spike team of five matched grays to the grand ducal racetrack. In vain the Lord Chamberlain besought her to study the famous recipes for pickled pigs' feet that had been handed down by succeeding grand duchesses since the Dark Ages. It is said that there were high words in the palace, and the Duchess packed her trunk and went back to her mother. The result is a legal separation, not a full divorce. She keeps up magnificent stables, runs over to Paris for her frocks, and her only grief is that she had to give up the friendship of the Kaiser, her colonelcy and her handsome uniforms. The Kaiser does not approve of divorces and separations, and some day the gossips say the Grand Duchess will probably go back to

her husband and arbitrate the question of her household duties.

PRINCESSES WITH GRIEVANCES.

Rumor flies from St. Petersburg to London with the names of the Zarina, the Queen of Holland, the Duchess of Aosta, and the Crown Princess of Roumania, as all agitating the question of regaining their freedom. The Zarina finds the peril of Imperial Russian life too trying on the nerves. The Queen of Holland could try again, no doubt, if she liked, in the matrimonial market, and have the approval of her people in doing so, and the Duchess of Aosta and the Crown Princess of Roumania have their grievances, too. Now that the ice has been broken and a few ladies have tried life as it is lived outside the irksome cage and ceremony of royal courts, there is every reason to believe that others are ready to join the divorce colony or stand up for the rights they think they are, under the new woman regime, fully entitled to enjoy.—Glasgow "Weekly Mail."

FREE ALKALI.

There are few women in Canada who have not heard of "free alkali," but there are many who do not understand the term. The term is always used in connection with soap. If any think it is meant to convey that it is alkali given free with the soap, then alkali is very dear at the price. But it does not mean that. A soap containing free alkali is a soap in which the alkali is not properly incorporated with the fatty acids used in the making of soap, and such a soap is most injurious to the clothing and hands. Free alkali in soap will burn the nap off wool and the surface off linen, coarsen the skin of the hands, rendering them liable to eczema, make the nails brittle and chip off. Such a soap does not possess thorough cleansing properties. The difference between a soap containing free alkali and a neutral soap is easily tested. Sunlight Soap is a neutral soap, and no one who has once used Sunlight Soap for any time could with satisfaction go back to any of the common laundry soaps on the market. Complaints about the hands and the clothes are unknown where Sunlight Soap is used.

Ubiquitous.

You step into a railway train at Penge or Beckham Rye. You jump into a casual 'bus that's trotting past the 'Cr'. You go into an eating shop, you walk, or drive, or ride, or go to a party. And you find a beaming German always sitting at your side.

Oh, it's German here, and German there, and German out and in. But it's "Murdere of Babies" if you're walking in Berlin. It's "Murdere of Babies" when you leave your native Strand. But they grow quite fond of England when they quit the Fatherland.

A German takes your hat and stick, and German brings your chop. He simply seethes in Capel Court, he serves in every shop. He's in the 'bus, he's in the train, the concert hall, the street. And now he's putting in his car with naughty Britain's feet.

Oh, it's German here, and German there, and English crowded out. But it's "Cowards, Thieves and Cut-throats" when their raving mind-bags spout. It's "Cowards, Thieves and Cut-throats" when they've left the busy Strand, and they're spending English money in the "Christian" Fatherland. —London "Globe."

Only a Slight Cold.

Yet It May Lead to Consumption and an Early Grave.

If your blood is poor or watery, a touch of cold or influenza will settle in your lungs, and the slight cough of today may turn to the racking consumptive's cough of tomorrow.

Weak lungs are caused by weak blood; weak blood is an open invitation for consumption to lay upon you the hand of death.

Stop that cough by enriching your blood and strengthening your lungs with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They make new, rich, red blood. They add resisting power to the lungs. They have saved hundreds from a consumptive's grave. Here is a positive proof that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure where other medicines fail. Miss Katie Henry, Charlotte, P.E.I., says: "Some months ago I got caught in a rainstorm, and the wetting was followed by a cold. At first I paid but little attention to it, but as the cold clung to me and finally developed into a hacking cough, I became alarmed and consulted a doctor, who gave me a bottle of medicine. Unfortunately, it did not help me, and I began to grow pale, lost in weight and my appetite completely left me. I was now regularly under the care of the doctor, who told me my lungs were affected, and that I was threatened with consumption. The doctor's treatment did not seem to benefit me in the least. I steadily grew weaker, and finally was compelled to remain in bed. At this time my friend urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and even brought me three boxes before I finally consented to take them. I have reason now to bless my friend's persistence, because I felt better before all the pills were gone, and I gladly continued the treatment, and was soon able to be out of bed and take a walk each day. I am now in the best of health, and weigh ten pounds more than I did before I took sick. I feel that I owe my life to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and hope my experience will benefit some other sufferer."

All diseases which come from poor blood or weak nerves can be driven from the system by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which may be had from any dealer in medicine, or will be sent, postpaid, at 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont. Remember that substitutes and medicines said to be "just as good" do not cure.

At the International Congress of Americanists Dr. A. F. Chamberlain, formerly of Toronto, described the contributions of the Algonquin Indians to the spoken and written English of America. More than 130 of our words, he said, had this origin. Among the more common of these words are chipmunk, hickory, hominy, mugwump, powwow, racoon, skunk, squash, Tammany, terrapin, toboggan, totem and woodchuck.



The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Leslie R.—I so seldom get the quantity of material you turn that I am sure your study is sufficiently unique to claim originality. Your sign is Pisces, the fishes, and you are very well developed and high-class specimen of a Pisces woman. I wish you'd knot me one of those. They sound as if they wouldn't wear out easy. There is plenty of vitality, independence and energy, excellent perseverance and good, clear sequence of ideas. You think you are very cautious, but you are actually an open book, which he who runs may read. At times you have spasms of reticence, are easily moved and sensitive to injustices or unfair dealings in any shape; cheerful disposition, sympathy, good temper and a generally contented nature show in your lines. Your success should be fairly in all your projects. A good deal of culture and excellent taste are indicated; at times you are deterred by the force of obstinacy and impatient of delays.

Leila.—It may be a peculiarity of want of the magnetism which attracts what you miss. It may be that the Pisces is late in coming. Whatever be the cause of your unsought plight, it is a pity you have sense, ability and a good deal of ambition. Never yet had a "beaux" Lope off that last letter, unless you're after the Siamese twins. "Beaux" is one at a time, you see. I can quite sympathize with your wish for the happy possession of a woman, and hope he turns up soon, but a quarter of a century or so such a great age and you still have a decent percentage of chances at an orange wreath. I don't know why women should be more romantic than men except because they are generally at leisure for romance. You will remark that when a woman does take up a "beau" nine times out of ten she ostentatiously shuts down on romance. I shouldn't spend valuable time worrying about the matter or old-time signs of unhealthy young men, young impulses. I know you'll probably marry, and marry happily, if you just stop wasting time thinking about the matter. There is too much character in your lines to be wasted that way. You have great play of fancy, taste and optimistic disposition, frank and rather egotistic, but at the same time attractive.

Cynthia.—You write on ruled paper and don't enclose a coupon, so I shall slap you on the wrist and put you in the W. P. B. Try again.

Ona.—Kindly take to heart rule No. 3. I shall not look up your former letter. I remember the writing, but the name does not at all.

Lady of Quality.—Please read rule 3. You call yourself a "conceited crank," but there is not much about you to conceit about your make-up. Why should be partial, or how could I be, to a lot of people whose identity is hid from me? Certainly some graceful, refined and clever studies appeal to me strongly. Now what can one make of a person who thinks I do not take any too good with the public or in social affairs? That's not conceit, anyway, but humble confession of something wanting. You write while very critical and ill-balanced, has a certain virility and dominance, determined will power, great self-assertion and extensiveness of purpose, which is over-emphatic. You are an undeveloped Leo, which is a very dangerous thing to be, and I am afraid you don't believe you really need the training which alone can do you justice. I am sure you are exceedingly able and never less than a good deal of perception and capacity of much growth. Leo's is a grand month, but it can go just as low as it can rise high.

Hildegard.—Your writing is only in the second stage of development and is not really not subjected to criticism. It promises several very good things—an honest, frank, generous and courageous nature, above any petty impulses, and with a good deal of personal dignity and self-reliance. Clear thought and expression, order, liking for nice surroundings, are already developed, but it's still a child's hand.

Interrogatory.—You do well to conclude that such questions are too deep for you. But, just a little word in your ear. Persons of high and pure minds, the saviors of the world, look instinctively for like qualities to call forth their love. Like responds to like, the surer, the higher the class. Therefore, if you wish to be loved by such men, you must develop the best and stifle the lower qualities which, being a mere man, you possess. To a female animal, your animal nature will be attractive the more it is in evidence; to an ambitious, selfish woman your success will appeal; to a silly emotionalist of your glibness of tongue and readiness to flatter and pet; to a cold and repressed woman you may be lovable if of great intellectual force; but all these are inferior, abnormal, over-weak, and is the psychic power which commands love, the adoring, satisfying, happy love of which the highest class of woman is alone perfectly capable. Now, that means the proper balance of all the above qualities, directed and dominated by the soul, which is the master of himself. The woman who asked you these questions was probably more or less of an ass, but still you might give her an answer that would open the gates of Paradise to her, even if she never went in. About the matter of etiquette, the caller should remove a rough or heavy fur coat. In England men cling to their hat, gloves and stick as if they mistrusted the butler would make away with them, and they generally leave them in the hall. It's not de rigueur to do so, but it is, especially to the less educated. The "evening call" is quite an American institution (America includes Canada), and is a mark of the hostess. You don't ask for a delineation, but I hope the serious aspect of my answer to your question will impress you. I've the inspiration of the perfect life. I've just caught sight of the mark on your coupon. Very neat and business-like. Was the ink a mistake, I commend your originality. An extreme mistrust and unreceptiveness is a marked trait. You have such sentimental leaning and would be likely to be open to emotional influences. The study is one of an English-bobber girl, but it has excellent sequence of ideas, deliberate and finished conclusions and care for detail. You might be trusted to do good work, though you will and dominance are light to trifling and you never care for power over others. You are neat, orderly and reliable.

All Alone.—Well, what's the matter, at all? Can't the creature take no for an answer? I don't like the shilly-shally tone at all. It certainly is hard to worry a child like you with matrimony, and I should simply tell him you don't want such a burden at your age. It's a mistake, little girl, unless under most unusual circumstances, and almost impossible ones for an English-bobber girl, to feel quite a gasp come from me at the thought of you all alone. If you really loved the man, as I saw you would be capable of loving, you would not hesitate. I should not see him. Write him a very short and very cautious little note. Don't say a word too much. Say you won't care for him, that he doesn't appeal to you, and that you don't intend to think of marriage for some years, or anything final and very guarded. Remember the

idea that "every offer of marriage is an honor" is quite erroneous. Some are a nuisance, some a mistake, and some an outrage. You can take your choice of these—I know which I fit to your case. At all events, let him see you know your own mind, without harshness, but firmly. And perhaps you'll write me again. I'll be pleased.

Mounsey.—1. Thanks for good wishes, and deepest sympathy for the sad intimation. Somehow, those black envelopes have multiplied lately. Some one writes: "She received her delineation three days before she died, and it caused her much pleasure." Another: "If you had known her, you couldn't have done her better justice. She was, alas, 'the sweetest of women.'" Well, honey, it's on all our programmes, only we do want it to be an extra-extra-extra for those we love, this shadowy dance with death. 2. Your writing is full of generous sentiment and great thoughts, imagination, sensitive feeling, and reciprocity. You are adaptable, conservative, a trifle pessimistic, bright but not dominant, orderly and conscientious.

Somewhat Mixed.

A. H. SAVAGE LANDOR, in his latest book of travel, "Across Covered Lands," relates an amusing railway incident that occurred in Russia while he was en route to Persia. "Unable to get at my towels packed in my registered baggage, and ignorant of the Russian language," he says, "I inquired of a polyglot fellow-passenger what was the Russian word for towel, so that I could ask the guard for one. 'Palatinski,' said he, and I repeated 'Palatinski, palatinski, palatinski,' so as to impress the word well upon my memory. Having enjoyed a good wash and a shampoo, and dripping all over with water, I rang for the guard, and sure enough when the man came I could not recollect the word. At last it dawned upon me that it was 'Palatinski,' and 'Palatinski!' I asked of the guard. To my surprise the guard smiled graciously, and putting on a modest air, replied: 'Palatinski niet, paruski (I do not speak Latin, I speak only Russian), and the more I repeated 'palatinski,' putting the infection now on one syllable and then on the other, to make him understand, the more flattered the man seemed to be, and modestly gave the same answer. This was incomprehensible to me, until my polyglot fellow-passenger came to my assistance. 'Do you know what you are asking the guard?' he said, in convulsions of laughter. 'Yes, I am asking for a palatinski—a towel.' 'No, you are not!' and he positively went into hysterics. 'Palatinski means 'Do you speak Latin?' How can you expect a Russian railway-guard to speak Latin? Look how incensed the poor man is at being mistaken for a Latin scholar! Ask him for a palatinski, and he will run for a towel.' The man did run on the magic word being pronounced, and duly returned with a nice, clean palatinski, which, however, was little use to me, for I had by this time got dry by the natural processes of dripping evaporation."

The Perversity of Dynamite.

A RESIDENT of Baltimore owned a farm situated at some distance from the city, of which he was very proud. But the land was rocky, and the owner, being anxious to get rid of some of the boulders, the Baltimore "Sun" tells how he decided to accomplish this work, and vouchers for the story as being "absolutely true in every detail." The gentleman had a resourceful workman on the place who suggested the use of dynamite. "Don't like to fool with the stuff," was the reply. "Too dangerous."

"Oh, that's all right," said the farmer, cheerfully. "There's no danger if you go about it right. I've used it many a time, and haven't been blown up yet. If you'll pay for it I'll get it and blow out the rocks."

The owner of the farm agreed. He gave the hired man the money and a long and elaborate lecture about being careful, and then sent him to Baltimore. He had some misgivings, but his state of mind was bliss compared to what it would have been had he known the truth. The hired man is conscientious. His motto is ever "Duty before pleasure," although he usually adds, "but plenty of pleasure after you've done the duty." He had no sooner got to town than he made directly for a place where dynamite is sold. He bought generously, for there were many and large rocks. He also purchased a lot of fuse and some percussion-caps. That was the duty. Next came the pleasure.

The package of concentrated annihilation was not a large one, and could be

It Stands for Quality

"SALADA"

Ceylon Tea on a sealed lead packet is the public safeguard against irresponsible substitutes that are often pushed by your grocer for the sake of the increased profit gained on their sale.

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—In successful use for over 28 years.—

Prepared by W. T. OWBRIDGE, HULL, ENGLAND.
At all druggists, price 35 cents and 75 cents.

"I have used your Lung Tonic for seven years, and always with satisfactory results. Half a bottle cures my children of the worst cold and cough."
Mrs. Dawkes, Onley, Bucks.

'DARTING' 'LANOLINE'



Natural Toilet Preparations.

'DARTING' TOILET 'LANOLINE' in small and large collapsible tubes. Makes rough skins smooth and protects delicate complexions from the effects of wind and sun. 'DARTING' 'LANOLINE' TOILET SOAP is unequalled for cleansing and keeping the skin supple. It never irritates.

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"The ale that's always good."

For Mid-Day Lunch

No More Appetizing, Delicious Dish Can Be Had Than

CLARK'S LUNCH TONGUE

Sold in tins by grocers. Open the tin and it's ready to serve.

W. Clark, Manufacturer, Montreal.

CLARK'S PORK AND BEANS ARE DELICIOUS.

carried under the arm very easily. That is the way the hired man did carry it. It was a beautiful day, and he determined to make the most of it. First he strolled along the crowded streets. Had anyone knocked the package out of his grasp, the newspapers would have had "scare-heads" the next morning; and the hired man would not have read them.

Next, the man took a ride on a trolley car, and deposited the package of dynamite under the seat. The car bumped along, but nothing happened.

He went to a restaurant for supper, and deposited the bundle on the floor, then placed his feet on it. The restaurant is still intact.

Then the young man went to the theater, he and destruction arm in arm, as it were. His seat was in the gallery, and he put the dynamite under the seat. He was one of the most enthusiastic spectators, and when the house rocked with applause at the rescue of the heroine, he stamped his feet and clapped his hands with the best of them. Just why that playhouse did not soar aloft on the winds of the heavens can never be explained. That is one of the queer things about dynamite. It will act in a certain way ninety-nine times, and in a very different way the hundredth time.

When the play was over, the hired man picked up his dynamite and boarded a train for home. The next day he blew up the rocks, and the dynamite was just as good and just as lively as the best dynamite ever manufactured.

The Up-To-Date Boy.

"Will your employer be in after dinner?" inquired the visitor of the office-boy. "Nope," was the laconic reply. "What makes you think so?" was the next query. "Coz," replied the boy, as he prepared to dodge, "that's what he went out after."—Judge.

Whipper.—Do you think traveling on those ocean greyhounds is safe? Snapper.—What kind of a poker game do you play?

"Did you find Mrs. Smiley a good entertainer?" "Splendid! She makes you feel away from home at once."



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Inferior brands of Ale and Stout cost just as much as the pure brews of

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Since 1874



A VERY pleasant and satisfactory society function was the song recital given on Saturday evening in the theatre of the Normal School by Miss H. Edythe Hill, daughter of Mr. H. J. Hill, the ex-manager of the Industrial Exhibition. Miss Hill had been studying in Leipzig for two years, and the concert signified her first appearance in her native city as a professional vocalist. The young lady, it is gratifying to record, was a genuine success. It was no mere "succès d'estime" accorded her by her friends, but a warm verdict of approval from a critical audience. Her first number, Handel's aria, "Lascia Chio Pianga," revealed her voice—a true mezzo—to be one of rich and most grateful quality, full-textured and even. Her management of the voice showed, moreover, proofs of careful instruction and study, and her phrasing and expression the possession of musical taste and feeling. Two songs by Noel Johnson—"The Rose" and "The Bird"—proved her voice to be of a quality which was well adapted to the lighter and more delicate work. Her subsequent numbers, "Mon Cœur s'Ouvre à Ta Voix," Goring Thomas's "A Summer Night," Becker's "Springtime" and Tchaikowski's "Nur Wie Die Sennschenkent," the varied styles and expression of which she was very happy in translating to her hearers. Miss Hill was enthusiastically applauded, and had to respond with two recall numbers. Her associates on the programme were Mr. Frank Macdonald, violin; Mr. Paul Hahn, cello, and Mr. H. P. Blacker, reader, who helped to fill out most acceptably a choice programme. The accompanists were Mrs. Blight and Miss Hahn.

A notable feature of the fourth concert of the Conservatory String Quartette in the Conservatory Hall on Thursday evening of last week was Dvorak's characteristic quartette in F major, known as the "American." Although the whole work is good, sane and clear music, the first two movements are the best. The subject of the opening Allegro, which is quite original, and yet with a unique and quaint charm, is very skilfully treated. The Lento is a very beautiful melody, conveying the idea of a poignant lament, and developed for the four instruments with Dvorak's acknowledged mastery resources. It is to the credit of the Conservatory Quartette that they were the first to introduce this work to the public of Toronto, although it was subsequently played by the Kneisel Quartette. They played it with evident interest, reflected in the careful ensemble and the singing quality of the solos. Beethoven's fine quartette for piano and strings—in its original form for piano and wind instruments—was the second concerted composition, and in this the assisting artist was Miss Bessie Cowan, who played her part with excellent judgment in regard to the dynamic gradations, and with fluency and neatness in regard to the technical details. This was one of the rare occasions in which the piano did not overbalance the strings in a composition of this class. The vocalist was Miss Annie Hallworth, mezzo soprano, who sang sweetly and naively. Svensen's quartette in C, op. 1 (two movements) completed the well-chosen programme.

Edward Macdonald, the United States pianist and composer, who gave a recital in Toronto some time ago, evidently has no very high opinion of Richard Strauss as a melodist. He is reported to have said: "Strauss is sane enough, but he has cast melody to the dogs. He has gone back to the Chinese—nothing but timbre and color. The effect is beautiful in its way, like the crashing resonance of great gongs. The texture of sounds is exquisite. But there is no melody according to the European ear. It isn't a question of melody with Strauss; it is nothing but the rising and falling of great masses of sound."

The New York "Evening Post" laments that no American manager has appeared with sense enough to revive some of the early entertaining works by Gilbert and Sullivan. The writer asks: "Is it really true that our audiences have all sunk so low in the mire of vulgarity that nothing but the inanity and drive of our present-day musical farces satisfies them? It is impossible to believe it. The managers are at fault. There are thousands in this city who would welcome good revivals of Gilbert and Sullivan and Johann Strauss." The foregoing prompts me to remark that a Sullivan revival ought to be in Toronto. There is plenty of talent in the ranks of our local singers to furnish a satisfactory chorus, as well as principals, for such works as "Ruddigore," the "Mikado" and "The Yeomen of the Guard." Here is an opportunity for an enterprising musician to organize an amateur opera company. Many years ago an amateur organization, under the direction of Mr. W. F. Tasker, gave with musical success several representations of "The Pirates of Penzance," "Pinafore" and "Patquette's Chimes of Normandy." At one of these performances they netted, I understand, about \$600, the larger part of which they presented to the charities of the city. There should be an opening for a similar venture now, as there must be quite a new generation who have never heard these delightful little operas.

A recital was given last Saturday afternoon at the Toronto College of Music by students from the West End branch of the college. Piano numbers were rendered by Edna Hall, Jessie Watson, Lena Dale, Marion Porter, Arretha Smiley, Ethel Saywell, Beathia Brett, Laura Brennan, Edith Mills, Marie S. Cleveland, Estella Slater, Carrie Walker and Ethel M. Robinson. The assisting vocalists were Effie McNair and Minnie McVittie, while the programme was further varied by a violin duet given by Charlie Watson and Miss Adele Fleury.

Mr. Sherlock has been engaged to sing with the Belleville Philharmonic Society on the 12th, on which occasion, under Mr. V. P. Hunt's direction, the society will present Angelo M. Read's sacred cantata, "David's Lament." Mr. Sherlock will also be the tenor soloist with the Berlin Philharmonic Society at their annual performance, when Haydn's

"Creation" will be produced, under the direction of Mr. Theo. Zoellner.

A concert was given at the Toronto Junction College of Music last Wednesday night, when the principal artist was Miss Mary Mellish, violinist. Miss Mellish has gained in tone production since her last appearance, and she was enthusiastically applauded. Her solo numbers were "Capriccio" by Sitt; "Adagio," Ries, and "Hungarian Dance" by Brahms. She was assisted by Miss Janet Grant, contralto; Miss Lois Winlow, cellist; Master Howard Russell, piano; Miss Bertha Brooks and Mr. T. H. George, pianists, two talented pupils of Miss Macmillan. Mr. Caryl Hunter acted as accompanist.

The concert given by the popular choir of Carlton Street Methodist Church, under the direction of Mr. Sherlock, assisted by Hattie Morse Ham-burger of Boston, elocutionist; Kate Archer, violinist, and the Sherlock Male Quartette, was a decided success. The choir sang with that attention to the variety of detail so characteristic of the work of this organization, and each number was well rendered. It is a matter of necessity, perhaps, quite as much as of choice, that Mr. Sherlock inclines to unaccompanied work, and I have on a former occasion referred to the need of rebuilding the church organ, with its obsolete action and mechanical appliances. There can be no doubt, however, that unaccompanied work is attractive to the listener and beneficial to the chorister, and on this occasion the numbers thus sung were most favorably received. Of the assisting artists Mrs. Ham-burger proved herself a capable and very attractive elocutionist, and each of her numbers was encored. Miss Archer's playing has on previous occasions been fully commented on. Her tone is full and round, her technique good and her interpretation thoughtful and intelligent. The second concert of the series will be given in Association Hall and will be secular throughout.

The following is the latest notice respecting the English tour of Mr. Watkin Mills and Mr. Edouard Parlovitz, who sail from England on the 21st instant for New York for their extended American and Canadian tournee: Wolverhampton (England) Express and Star, January 21, 1903: "On Tuesday night a large gathering of members of the Cleft Club assembled to hear a programme, the like of which is rarely heard at these gatherings. Mr. Edouard Parlovitz is one of the most promising pianists of the day. He possesses a most exquisite touch, perfect technique, and, above all, a musical temperament—emotional, sympathetic and refined—which makes him not only a brilliant soloist, but what is still more rare, a charming accompanist. These desiderata were exhibited on Tuesday night to a high degree, evoking the inevitable redemand to his solos. Mr. Watkin Mills is an old favorite here, and never was his magnificent voice, superb style and consummate mastery of every gradation of tone heard to greater advantage. From the first to the last his singing was grand in the extreme." Mr. Mills and Mr. Parlovitz appear at Massey Music Hall in this city, Good Friday evening, April 10, next.

At the concert to be given by the Toronto Orchestra at Massey Hall on Monday night, February 23, one of the vocalists will be Miss Eileen Millett, who has won by her merit a place for herself amongst our very best Canadian singers as an oratorio, concert and church soloist, and who leaves Toronto for London, Eng., in the early fall. On this occasion she will sing, with orchestral accompaniment, the two great operatic arias, "Casta Diva" from "Norma" (Bellini), and "Ah! Fors 'e Lui," "Traviata" (Verdi), both of which exacting numbers tax the voice and ability of an artist.

One of the morning newspapers, in its issue of Friday week, made the extraordinary statement that the Conservatory String Quartette, at its fourth concert, was assisted by "Miss" Ethelbert Nevin and Arthur Foote. After this one may expect to hear that Beethoven himself appears on the platform to assist a local organization.

Mr. Charles A. E. Harris, the organizer of the Canadian Cycle of Festivals, has received word that his Majesty has consented to Mr. Harris's new mass being entitled "Coronation Mass, Edward VII." The Queen has also consented to accept the dedication of the work. The mass will be sung at the Cycle of Festivals.

The concerts of the Mendelssohn Choir on Wednesday and Thursday evenings occurred too late in the week for notice in this issue, but every seat in Massey Hall was taken on Monday last, and I expect to be able to record that the events were the most artistic and successful in the career of the choir.

The veteran London Philharmonic Society is entering on its ninety-first year. Its prospectus for the coming season includes the names of twenty-three composers, eight of whom are British—a very fair proportion, and more than fair in view of the limited amount of first-class orchestral music composed by natives. The English composers represented are Cliffe, Cowen, Cox, Elgar, Hervey and Somerville; Mackenzie represents Scotland and Villiers Stanford represents Ireland.

In reply to a correspondent, I may observe that the Mendelssohn Choir prize competition was closed some weeks ago.

It is stated that the income of Wagner's heirs from the royalties on his operas amounts to about \$175,000 a year, and that from the Bayreuth festivals to \$75,000 more. It is pointed out that the Wagner family now gets more in one year than Wagner himself got in twenty.

It is generally thought by the knowing that the recent rumor that the University of Toronto intended to abandon its system of local music examinations was started with the friendly purpose of stimulating the Senate to increased activity in developing its musical course. Judging from the animated discussion that followed the publication of the letter of "Musician," the desired object has been attained. The rumor alarmed the musical profession and irritated the University authorities, but it seems certain now that the examinations will be promoted with great vigor.

The guarantee list for the Toronto Mu-

sical Festival has reached the respectable figure of \$30,000. I am told that Mr. S. Nordheimer intends to raise the total to a still higher amount.

The Festival as at present contemplated will last three days, and will open on April 16. It is announced that the following artists have been engaged: Mme. Lillian Blauvelt, Mme. Mary Louise Clary, Miss Ethel Wood of London, Mlle. Millicent Brennan of Paris, Mr. Ben Davies, the great English tenor; Mr. Watkin Mills, Mr. Wilfrid Virgo of London, Mr. Reginald Davidson of London, and Mr. Charles Fry, the famous English reciter. The solo instrumentalists will probably be Jan Van Oordt, violin, and Frank Wagner, cello. The Chicago Symphony Orchestra of fifty men will support the chorus, which will be composed of the Toronto Festival Chorus of 350 voices, and the National Chorus of 300, under the conductorship of Dr. Torrington and Dr. Ham respectively. The combined chorus will be conducted by Sir Alexander Mackenzie himself.

Mme. Roger-Mielos, the great French pianist, has been appearing in concert in the States with brilliant success. The critics speak in most appreciative and glowing terms of her artistic powers.

Time brings its revenges. Wagner, whose operas were once hissed in Paris, last year headed the list of composers at the opera, his works having been sung on forty-four evenings. Gounod followed hard upon him, with forty-three performances. At the Opera Comique Charpentier's "Louise" was given forty-four representations. This opera has not yet been imported into America.

On Monday evening, February 16, Mr. Rechab Tandy will give a recital at the Conservatory Music Hall, assisted by his pupils, Miss Violet F. Thomson, Miss Edythe E. Crawford, Miss Louise Tandy, A.T.C.M., Mr. W. Millard Macmillan and Mr. Charles H. Clarke. Invitations are issued at the Conservatory.

Mr. Carnahan and the quartette of Elm Street Methodist Church choir, assisted by Miss Parker, have consented to give a song service in Yonge Street church on Wednesday, February 18.

What promises to be one of the largest and best concerts ever given by local talent will be held in Massey Hall on Saturday, February 21, in aid of Harry Rich, the popular entertainer, who has been stricken with locomotor ataxia. About forty of the best concert artists in Canada have volunteered their services for that evening, and the committee expect a crowded house.

The musical and dramatic entertainment which has been in preparation for some time by the members of St. Luke's choir will be given next Tuesday evening, the 17th, in St. Luke's Schoolhouse, under the direction of Mr. T. A. Reed, Mus. Bac. Among the assisting artists will be Mrs. (Dr.) Garratt, Miss Ruby Jellett, Mr. Harold Sampson and Mr. W. Leake. The programme is a most attractive one, including Haydn's "Toy Symphony" by the choir boys and a musical comedy by the adult members. The proceeds are in aid of the choir boys' gymnasium.

The Jules Grau Comic Opera Company, the attraction at the Grand Opera House this week, supply highly creditable performances at popular prices. Sousa's "El Capitán" which was presented for the first half of the week, is a weak musical production, but the company managed to make it go with a certain degree of acceptability. As may be imagined, any opera constructed mainly on march themes is apt to become tiresome. There are some talented people with the company. Miss Ethel Balch, who filled the role of Estrada, is a bright and vivacious actress and singer, and Joseph W. Smith, the Count Verrada, is a much superior tenor to the average tenor of comic opera. William Hermann West is the comic man of the company, and in addition to his humorous ability sings with some pretension to a voice. Herbert's opera, "The Wizard of the Nile," was announced for the last half of the week.

The new Savoy comic opera, "The Princess of Kensington," music by Edward German and libretto by Captain Basil Hood, seems to have been received very favorably by the critics and the public at its first performance in London. London "Truth" says that Mr. German has never been happier than in the fairy music which opens the opera, in the wedding scene in the second act, and in the first finale. A sextette in the first act is cited as an excellent example of those almost unaccompanied part songs which Savoy audiences have always admired, and the writing in the opening quartette of the "Four Jolly Sailor Open" is pronounced very clever. "Truth" adds: "Although Mr. German may not possess the genuine 'vocalism' which was a feature of the lighter operas of Arthur Sullivan and Edward Solomon, he is a sound musician and a facile melodist." The writer complains that there is a little too much of the solo element in the opera, there being, apart from the finales, no fewer than fifteen songs out of twenty-six numbers. CHERUBINO.

A Sargent Story.

When John S. Sargent, the famous portrait painter, studied in the atelier of Carthus Duran in Paris, his teacher showed his fondness for him by painting in his head in the great ceiling of the Luxembourg Palace. Even after he branched out for himself, his master often sent for him to come over to his studio and pose, his hands having especially won the admiration of Duran. The time came, however, when Sargent could no longer answer the beck and call of his teacher, for he was getting work of his own to do, which would not allow him to leave his studio at a moment's notice. One day, it is related, Duran sent a hurry call for him, and when he received a note saying that Sargent was compelled to decline his request, owing to pressing work, Duran was furious. A few days later, a friend, to whom he had confided his anger at his recalcitrant pupil, asked him: "Well, how is it with Sargent? Have you made up? How is he?" "Ah, no!" said Duran, and he looked sad, and his shoulders went up; "how is it with Sargent? C'est fini! (another shrug) C'est fini! It's all over! I have been to the Luxembourg. I went and I got a ladder, and I painted out his head!"

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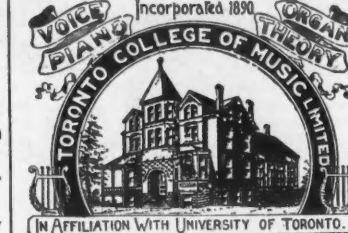
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Social and Personal.

What shall one say of the superlative treat Toronto has enjoyed this week in the joint efforts of the Mendelssohn Choir and the Pittsburgh Orchestra? "Perfect" leaves no other word to follow. The audience which turned out on Wednesday night contained representatives from nearly every city and musical circle in Ontario, some of whom, arriving by train in the afternoon and smiling superior at the "fair tale" they had read in these columns last week about the entire house being sold out, found themselves, at eight o'clock, in the rain, surrounded by a regular jam of people, outside the Massey Hall, and bewildered by the condition of affairs. Their pathetic plight was not laughable, except to writers to whose statements they feelingly confessed they had not paid any attention, as "no one can believe the papers." Hereafter they will, at all events, modify this impression. Some of them were taken pity on by a sympathetic manager, who granted foot-room, and by citizens, who generously stood during the performance that ladies might be seated who had come some hundreds of miles to hear the exquisite music. As I said, there are no words when criticism is silenced by perfection. The pleasure of the artists who sang in the artists who played, and vice versa, was very pretty to behold. Vogt the inscrutable beamed a little, but beaming isn't his strong suit. Victor Herbert absolutely radiated in his generous Irish fashion; he was full of praise of and pleasure in the Toronto choir. When Vogt and Herbert shook hands a feeling that there was no more to be expected came over me. They are a great, great pair!

Mrs. E. Johnston was the hostess of a delightful dance given at her residence, 116 Bellevue avenue, on Monday, February 2. The charming hostess received at the entrance of the spacious drawing-rooms, gowned beautifully in black silk taffeta, net flounces, sunset sequin, with pommops of chiffon to match, diamond and pearl ornaments. She was assisted by her daughter, Miss Kitty, attired in a pretty blue and cream gown. Among the many guests were noticed Dr. and Mrs. Heggie, Mr. and Mrs. Jarrott, Mrs. Manning, Miss Edmondson of Brantford, Miss Ramsden, Miss Ross, Miss Allan, the Misses Laughlin, Miss Roper of New York, Miss Harrison of Chicago, Miss Elliott, Mr. Wright, Mr. C. Noral Sinkins, Mr. E. Ivor, Mr. R. J. Goudy, Mr. Thompson, Dr. Peaker, Mr. Early, Dr. Corwell, Mr. Rumble, Mr. Hodgson, Messrs. H. and A. Small, Dr. R. Heggie, Mr. Durance, Mr. Aylesworth, Mrs. (Dr.) Heggie wore black silk overdress. Miss Edmondson wore white organdie, pink roses and velvet ribbon; Mrs. Manning, in yellow muslin, with touches of black velvet. Mrs. Jarrott looked pretty in yellow silk, with black net sequin flounce. Miss Laughlin was charmingly attired in white silk, with trimmings of chiffon and accordion pleatings, berths of duchesse lace. Miss Ross wore a becoming dress of pink muslin. Miss Nellie Laughlin looked very sweet in a dainty gown of pale maize silk, flounces of old point lace and pleatings of chiffon.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Dinnis leave on the 16th for Florida. Mrs. Dinnis will be at home on the second Thursday in April.

Miss Dunke and Miss Alva Dunke of Elmira, Ont., are the guests of Mrs. Lachlan McKellar, 95 Winchester street.

Mr. H. Ruthven Macdonald has been engaged by Mr. Theo. Zoellner, conductor of the Berlin Philharmonic, to sing bass solos in Haydn's "Creation" on April 13.

Miss Sara Robinson of Peterboro' is the guest of Miss Ethel Piper, Bernard avenue.

Mrs. John W. Marks of Brunswick avenue is visiting in Montreal, the guest of Mrs. J. A. Wright.

Miss Mary Lee Thompson of Kentucky is visiting Miss Stella Butler of Roxborough street east.

The cold weather some weeks ago got into the pipes at Captain and Mrs. G. Capron Brooke's pretty home in Jarvis street, and there was a disastrous burst-up in the plumbing. While repairs have been under way the owners have been at the Avonmore. I regret to discover that a note of their change of address was left out for lack of space some weeks ago, and since overlooked. I hope soon to chronicle their return to a house they have already filled with hospitable memories.

Among guests recently registered at The Welland, St. Catharines, are Miss Le Fevre, Mr. D. C. Le Fevre of Buffalo, Mrs. W. T. Gundy, Mr. R. H. and Mrs. Matson, Miss Matson, Dr. J. D. Thorburn of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. McLennan of Buffalo, Mr. C. E. Hanchett of Burlington, Dr. and Mrs. M. B. Eshleman, Mrs. A. H. Marry of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Bethune of Winnipeg, Mr. G. A. Morrow of Toronto, Miss A. M. Wise of Niagara Falls, N.Y., Mr. and Mrs. Frank Spitzmiller of Buffalo, Mrs. J. W. Hirst, W. Percy Hirst of Toronto, Mr. E. Leslie of Buffalo, Mrs. Booth, Miss St. John of Chicago, Dr. McConnell, Dr. Sylvester, Mr. and Mrs. B. Kent, Miss Lilian Kent, Miss M. B. High of Toronto.

Mr. W. B. Reid gave his travelers and their friends a supper and dance at Mrs. Meyer's pavilion on the Lake Shore on Friday evening, February 6, which was a great success and pleasure to all concerned. A banquet in first-class style was supplied by Mrs. Meyer and loyal toasts drunk. It was resolved by the de-

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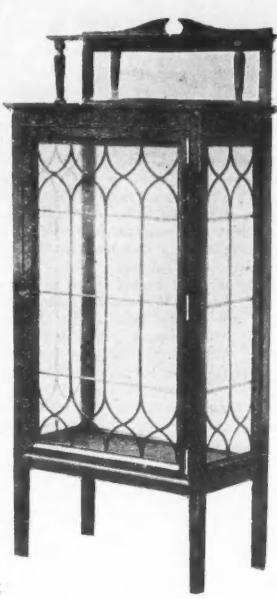
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At Potter's the utmost care is taken to supply lenses for spectacles and eyeglasses of the best quality, and that at a price no greater to the purchaser than for ordinary lenses, which are sometimes very poor indeed. It is a maxim at Potter's that even the best may not be good enough for that delicate organ, the human eye. To provide the best, special importations of first quality lenses are ordered from time to time. The lenses so procured are of the highest excellence—unsurpassed, in fact, either in America or Europe. They are offered in simple and in compound curvatures in all their manifold variety at the address, 85 Yonge street.

Painting

I do any kind of painting that can be done in the very best way and at the lowest prices consistent with honest work. Graining and decorating too. The latter is my specialty, and if you will entrust your next order to me I will give you satisfaction.

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161 QUEEN ST. WEST

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White Cards, per doz., 15 cents. Colored Cards, white ink, per doz., 17 cents. Address—J. McCUAIG, Box 12 B, "Saturday Night" Office, Toronto.

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Has removed to CARLTON CHAMBERS, No. 1 CARLTON STREET.

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TEMPLE BUILDING, Bay Street. Specialists in High Class Dentistry.

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High-Class Costuming and Millinery

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INEXPENSIVE GLASS TILES...

The most elegant and sanitary covering for walls of Kitchens and Bath-rooms known to this age. ESTIMATES FREE.

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Religion in Literature and Life.

SUNDAY EVENING LECTURES at 7, in the UNITARIAN CHURCH, JARVIS STREET, near Wilton Avenue, as follows:

February 8—The Prophets of Israel, PROF. J. F. MURPHY. February 15—Greek Virtues and Theories of Life, PRINCE MAURICE HUTTON. February 22—Evolution and Religion, PROFESSOR A. P. COLEMAN. March 1—Tennyson's "In Memoriam": A Struggle Toward Faith, PROFESSOR W. J. ALEXANDER. March 8—What the Churches of Toronto Have in Common, and Might Do Together for the Higher Life of the City, REV. J. H. SUNDERLAND.

ALL SEATS FREE

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They find a feast of good things at B. M. & T. Jenkins. We have just the things in furniture that mark the difference between a commonly furnished and a cleverly furnished home.

Fine Old Colonial Furniture
Old China—Old Pewter—Old Copper

Curious Old Brass
Rare old Chippendale pieces, in chairs, tables, sideboards, settees, secretaries—in all, the most unusual and satisfying collection on the continent.

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BRANCHES—Montreal, London and Birmingham. The Royal Crest Dressing is unequalled for furniture, piano or woodwork of any kind. We recommend it.

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No. 861—42 inches long, leather bound, two straps all around trunk, three trays fitted with straps to hold down gowns, top tray with movable divisions deep enough for hats. Price **\$18.00**

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For dressmaking and family sewing Corticelli Silk is the best silk made. For hand or machine use it has no equal even in size, and always full length and full strength. Ask your dealer for "Corticelli," and politely, but firmly, refuse all substitutes, which some clerks may say are, "just as good." You may be sure they all lack the many excellent qualities of the genuine Corticelli Silk.

Asiatic Dyes Wash Silks
In Patent Holders
The Colors Are Fast The Silk the Best

Put up in Patent Holders, which prevents waste by tangles or soiling—keeps each shade separate, and automatically measures a correct yardage. Recommended as "the only proper way to put up File and Floss silks," and used by Art Societies everywhere. Over four hundred different shades to select from.

Corticelli Skirt Protector
PECULIAR WEARING QUALITIES PERFECTLY STRAIGHT BELTAGE

Corticelli Skirt Protector is of fine and even texture. When united a sponge or brush makes it clean again, and no damage done. Corticelli Skirt Protector is a great favorite with fashionable and careful dressers. If you are not already a subscriber to Corticelli Home Needlework Magazine, become now. Full information on application to Corticelli Silk Co., St. John, P. Q., or any other Corticelli office.

Brainerd and Armstrong's PATENT SKIRT SILENCE FILLO AND FLOSS SILKS

SPool SILK
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Put up in Patent Holders, which prevents waste by tangles or soiling—keeps each shade separate, and automatically measures a correct yardage. Recommended as "the only proper way to put up File and Floss silks," and used by Art Societies everywhere. Over four hundred different shades to select from.

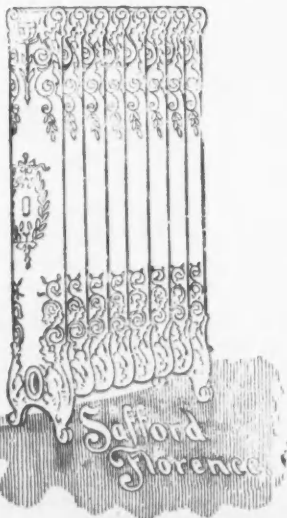
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Social and Personal

A very quiet wedding took place on Tuesday afternoon at five o'clock, when Miss May Fiorella McCorquodale, second daughter of the late Captain J. E. McCorquodale, became the wife of Mr. Ralph Newcombe Barriek. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. G. W. Wallace, at the residence of the bride's mother, 31 Sussex avenue, the bride being given away by her mother. The bride wore a pretty traveling gown of brown llama cloth, with piping of white, the coat opening over a taffeta blouse trimmed with pearls, and carried a bouquet of white roses and lilies of the valley. Her bridesmaid, Miss Edna Greer of Parkdale, was gowned in blue voile over blue taffeta silk, and carried a bouquet of pink roses. The groomsmen were Mr. Harold Wilkinson. The groom's gift to the bride was a diamond ring, while the bridesmaid received a pearl crescent and the groomsmen a pearl tie-pin. The couple were the recipients of many handsome presents. Mr. and Mrs. Barriek left immediately after the ceremony for Winnipeg, where they will reside for a year.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Blight have taken up their residence at 101 Howard street, where Mrs. Blight will be at home on Tuesday, the 17th inst., and on the first and third Tuesdays of each month.

Mrs. W. Davidson of St. George street has been visiting friends in the East and returned home this week.

A very enjoyable evening was spent by the O. U. No Progressive Euchre Club on Monday evening at the pretty home of the Misses Petrie, 379 Huron street, where they met for their second fortnightly assembly. Ten games were played. The first prizes were won by Miss A. R. Galer and Mr. V. W. Galer, while Miss J. Petrie and Mr. W. R. Shering had the honor of carrying off the booby prizes. Before adjourning it was decided to hold the next meeting on the 26th inst.

Mr. Harry W. Brodie, the former chief clerk in the Canadian Pacific Railway office here, has received the appointment of assistant general passenger agent of the Western division of that road, with headquarters at Winnipeg, and as the Western division extends from Lake Superior to the Pacific Ocean, some idea of the extent of Mr. Brodie's territory may be realized. Congratulations are for this young man, who now has the distinction of being the youngest official of the C.P.R., I believe.

A very smart seven-hand afternoon euchre was given by Mrs. W. R. Riddell last week, at which over a score of guests played. There is no house I know of which is so attractive in winter as hers, because there "tis always summertime, and time of flowers," the hostess having a love of them so great as to always wish a profusion about her. Like a veritable Flora (in an up-to-date and very becoming and elegant gown), Mrs. Riddell receives and dispenses hospitality. Last Thursday (5th) was a case of this sort, and the delicious fragrance of lilies, beauty roses, lilacs and other fainter scents permeated every corner of the rooms and enchanted the company.

Mrs. Sydney Greene gave a pleasant card party on Thursday afternoon at Ravenswood to a number of lady lovers of the game.

Mrs. Mitchell of Niagara Falls, one of last year's beautiful brides, is visiting Mrs. Humphrey and Mr. Sears in Pembroke street.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Bruce left for Newmarket on Tuesday. Mrs. Vau Chadwick gave a pretty tea last Thursday afternoon, and is giving another on the 19th. Mrs. Grayson Smith gives one on the 18th.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Massey of London, Eng., have been visitors at Llawhaden, where a beautiful dinner was given for them during their stay. They were also entertained at Clover Hill by Mr. Osborne.

The death of the mother of President London of Toronto University removed a wonderful old lady from her circle of relatives and friends, at the great age of ninety-eight years. She died on Tuesday at Eglinton, and the remains were interred on Thursday. The wife of the president had arranged a young folks' evening at her home a day or so ago, but of course it was called off at once on receipt of the news of Mrs. London's death. Mrs. London was a North of Ireland woman, and retained her faculties to the last, being a great seamstress and occupied in making quaint patchwork spreads, one of which she completed recently and presented to the president's wife. Her death at this great age removes a Torontonian of seventy years' residence.

A delightfully cosy and pleasant tea was given by Mrs. J. E. Graham at her home, 583 Church street, last Friday afternoon.



ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN, POET,
the fourth anniversary of whose death was commemorated on Tuesday.

ternoon, February 6. A bevy of young ladies from Haverhill, friends of her daughters, waited on a very pretty tea-table done in white and green, with some pretty touches of color. Mrs. Graham, the Misses Graham, Miss Aikens and the pretty coterie above mentioned were the best of hostesses at this informal and pleasant tea.

Miss Edythe Hill made her professional debut last Saturday in a varied and attractive concert programme, singing a number of songs in very finished and pleasant style. Everyone is saying nice things about Miss Hill, who takes her art seriously, and who has a fine, rich voice. The theater of the Normal School was filled by an appreciative and critical audience.

Miss Ethel Palin, who came to town on the sad occasion of her sister, Mrs. Fred Thompson's, death, returned home to New York on Sunday. Mrs. Palin is now with Mr. Thompson and the six children, who are most interesting and noble little ones.

Miss Bell of Hamilton and Miss Christine Bowly of Brantford have been this week the guests of Mrs. Edward Scadding.

"It is the ladies who read your columns we wish especially to reach," remarks the secretary of the Household Economic Association, under whose auspices Mrs. May Wright Sewall is to lecture next Friday at 8 p. m. Conservatory Music Hall is the place, and the subject is "Effects of the Higher Education of Women on the Home." There are so many idiotic and hindering notions abroad on this subject that a few of Mrs. Sewall's ideas will be welcome as a corrective. Mrs. Sewall is principal of a "classical school for girls," whatever that may be, but I have an abiding faith in her, and am sure it's good.

Mrs. Sniffen, who as Blanche Wellington was so charming a member of Toronto society, is with her people here on a visit.

At four o'clock this afternoon Miss Lois Winnifred Taylor and Captain W. B. Anderson of Ottawa are to be married at the Church of the Messiah.

This afternoon's musicale will take place in Convocation Hall, Trinity College, not at St. Hilda's, as erroneously stated elsewhere. The proceeds of the Lenten lecture course are, however, in aid of St. Hilda's College.

Two casualties on the ice have temporarily laid up two young society folk. Miss Gwen Francis sprained a muscle severely a short while ago, and Mr. Worts Smart broke his collar bone at the hockey match the other evening.

Dr. and Mrs. McLaren are living at 24 Wood street, and Mrs. McLaren receives on the first and second Tuesdays.

Mr. Darling and Mr. C. W. Darling are on their way home from England.

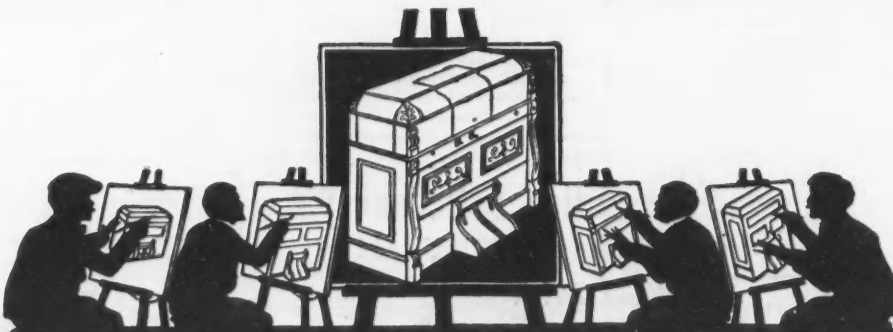
Mr. Harry McVity of Calgary came down last week on a visit to his people in Murray street.

Mrs. Charles Clark of Lowther avenue gave a tea on Thursday afternoon.

Miss Ball of Queen's Park entertained informally at luncheon yesterday.

Tuckett's Marguerite.

The picture "Marguerite" issued by the Tuckett & Son Company (Limited) of Hamilton to advertise their "Marguerite" cigar is the most beautiful thing of its kind ever issued in Canada. If the aroma of the cigar equals the beauty of the picture they will soon be world-famous.



The CECILIAN--The Perfect Piano-Player

The Cecilian is the acknowledged leader of all piano-players, and is the outcome of many years of experience and experiment.

It enables anybody to play anything. It fits any piano and makes it possible for you to produce the most difficult and involved music in a manner full of expression—which would otherwise be impossible without years of unremitting and arduous practice.

Come in to see the Cecilian and let us demonstrate its merits to you.

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Twenty-Second Annual Statement

OF THE

North American Life Assurance Company

HEAD OFFICE:
112-118 KING ST. W.,
TORONTO.

FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31st
DECEMBER, 1902:

Dec. 31, 1901. To Net Ledger Assets \$4,104,300 61

RECEIPTS

Dec. 31, 1902. To Cash for Premiums \$1,049,652 74
To Cash Income on Investments 221,187 47

1,270,840 21

\$5,465,140 82

DISBURSEMENTS

Dec. 31, 1902. By Payment for Death Claims, Profits, etc. \$374,513 14
By all other Payments 316,851 33

691,364 47

\$4,773,785 35

ASSETS

Dec. 31, 1902. By Mortgages, Etc. \$1,070,703 98
Debentures (market value \$1,007,535 52) 1,080,601 72
Stocks and Bonds (market value \$1,501,704 00) 1,456,729 87
Real Estate, including Company's building 404,084 69
Loans on Policies, etc. 321,642 92
Loans on Stocks (nearly all on call) 351,257 00
Cash in Banks and on hand 89,165 17

\$4,773,785 35

" Premiums outstanding, etc. (less cost of collection) 198,982 10

" Interest and Rents due and accrued 38,045 76

\$5,010,813 21

LIABILITIES

Dec. 31, 1902. To Guarantee Fund \$ 60,000 00
Assurance and Annuity Reserve Fund 4,385,505 00
Death Losses awaiting proofs, etc. 50,203 45

\$4,495,708 45

Net Surplus \$515,044 76

Audited and found correct—J. N. Lake, Auditor.

The financial position of the Company is unexcelled—its percentage of net surplus to liabilities exceeds that of any other Home Company.

New insurance issued during 1902 \$6,600,265 00

Exceeding the best previous year in the history of the Company by over one million dollars.

Insurance in force at end of 1902 (net) \$30,637,268 00

PRESIDENT:

JOHN L. BLAICKIE.

VICE-PRESIDENTS:

JAS. THORBURN, M.D. HON. SIR WILLIAM R. MEREDITH, K.C.

DIRECTORS:

HON. SENATOR GOWAN, K.C., LL.D., C. M. G. E. GURNEY, Esq.
L. W. SMITH, Esq., K.C., D.C.L. J. K. OSBORNE, Esq.

D. McCRAE, Esq., Guelph.

MANAGING DIRECTOR:
WM. McCABE, LL.B., F.I.A., F.S.S.

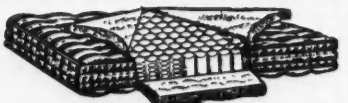
SECRETARY:

L. GOLDMAN, A.I.A.

MEDICAL DIRECTOR:
J. THORBURN, M.D. (Edin.).

The Report containing the proceedings of the Annual Meeting, held on January 29th last, showing marked proofs of the continued progress and solid position of the Company, will be sent to policy-holders. Pamphlet explanatory of the attractive investment plans of the Company and a copy of the annual report, showing its unexcelled financial position, will be furnished on application to the Head Office or any of the Company's agencies.

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Get them a "Marshall Sanitary Mattress."
ONLY BED FOR INVALIDS.
Better and Cheaper than a Water Bed.
NEVER SAGS, CAN'T GET HARD.
The 1,000 springs support the body perfectly without undue pressure anywhere.

The Marshall Sanitary Mattress Co.
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Send for Circular. Phone—Main 4533.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

Whaley—Feb. 9, Toronto, Mrs. T. H. Whaley, a daughter.
Powell—Feb. 8, Eglinton, Mrs. T. W. Powell, a daughter.
Kerr—Feb. 8, Toronto, Mrs. J. M. Kerr, a son.
Burns—Feb. 9, Toronto, Mrs. George B. Burns, a son.

Deaths.

Burns—Feb. 9, Toronto, Eugene Reynolds Burns.
Loudon—Feb. 10, Eglinton, Mrs. Elizabeth Loudon, aged 88 years.
Blake—Feb. 11, Santa Monica, California, John Blake, aged 70 years.
Brough—Feb. 9, Toronto, Mrs. Hannah Stewart Brough.
Fittion—Feb. 10, Toronto, Mrs. Lillias Fittion, aged 41 years.
Rimmer—Feb. 6, Toronto, James Rivers Rimmer.
Shuman—Feb. 6, Toronto, Charles Shuman, aged 67 years.
Ingersoll—Feb. 5, St. Catharines, Charles Ernest Ingersoll, aged 48 years.
Josell—Feb. 7, Toronto, Mrs. Elizabeth C. Josell, aged 60 years.
Atkinson—Feb. 7, Toronto, Alma S. Allie Atkinson, aged 24 years.
Smith—Feb. 4, Redlands, California, Gertrude Smith.

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